

C. Wolfersink

T H E
W R E A T H.

A Curious COLLECTION

Of above Two Hundred

NEW SONGS,

Including those of

The BOTTLE, } SMIRTH and
HUNTING, } JOLLITY ;

With all those SONG by

The most Eminent Performers,

A T

*Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybon,
Cuper's-Gardens,*

And all Publick Places of Diversion,

Few of which are to be found in any other Col-
lection yet published.

With an Alphabetical Contents,

For the more ready finding out each SONG.

*Inflam'd by Musick, Soldiers fight ;
Inspir'd by Musick, Poets write :
Musick can heal the Lover's Wound,
And calm fierce Rage by gentle Sound :
Philosophy attempts in vain
What Musick can, with Ease, attain :
So great is Musick's Pow'r !*

L O N D O N :
Printed for H Slater, at the Golden-Key, the Corner
of Clave-Court, Drury-Lane. 1752.



T H E P R E F A C E.

OF all the Sciences, Musick affords us the most exquisite Delight. When the trembling Strings are touch'd by a **HANDELL** or a **STANLEY**, all our Disquietudes are lost in Pleasure: But when **MIRA** raises her harmonious Voice, and tunes some Love-inspiring Strain, our Souls partake of Raptures never before felt, and we are entranc'd in an Elyzium of thrilling Joy!

Men are very rarely bless'd with Voices capable of affording any extraordinary Delight; yet many, by chusing suitable Tunes, and observing proper Time and good Action, please even Persons of polite Taste, and heighten the Glee of the most jovial Assemblies.

I believe there are very few, if any, who are not Admirers of this sublime Science: And, in short, he who is not delighted with its Harmony, is not fit for the Conversation of Men. **SHAKESPEAR**, that inimitable Poet, represents the

P R E F A C E.

*Man abandon'd to every Thing that is Good,
who is not mov'd by its powerful Charms.*

The Man who has no Musick in himself,
And is not mov'd with Concords of sweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils.

*Metbinks, even using an Argument to prove
the Efficacy of Musick, in improving the Joys
and beightening the Pleasures of Life, to a Peo-
ple so polite as the English, were like telling
the parch'd Inhabitants in Africa, That the
Heat they felt in that torrid Climate, was occa-
sion'd by the Sun, which they saw over their
Heads.*

*With regard to the Songs in this Collection,
they are such as have been sung at the Theatres,
the Publick Gardens, and other Places of En-
tertainment, by the most Eminent Performers,
and have met with Approbation from the
polirest Audiences: And particular Care has
been taken to insert only such as the most modest
Virgin may sing, without crimsoning the Cheek.*

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THE

THE WREATH.

SONG I.

DAMON *and* SYLVIA.
A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

DEAR *Sylvia*, no longer my Passion despise,
Nor arm thus with Terror those beautiful Eyes,
Nor arm thus with Terror those beautiful Eyes ;
'They become not Disdain, but most charming would
prove,
If once they were soften'd with Smiles and with Love,
If once they were soften'd with Smiles and with Love.

SYLVIA.

While I with a Smile can each Shepherd subdue,
Oh! *Damon*, I must not be soften'd by you,
Oh! *Damen*, &c.

B

Nor

Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded Hour,
 The Pride of us Women, unlimited Pow'r,
 The Pride of us Women, &c.

D A M O N.

Tho' Pow'r, my Dear, be to Deities giv'n,
 Yet gen'rous Pity's the Darling of Heav'n,
 Yet generous Pity's, &c.
 Oh! then be that Pity extended to me;
 I'll kneel and acknowledge no Goddess but thee.
 I'll kneel, &c.

S Y L V I A.

Suppose to your Suit I should listen awhile,
 And only for Pity's sake grant you a Smile,
 And only for Pity's sake, &c.

D A M O N.

Nay, stop not at that, but your Kindness improve,
 And let gentle Pity be ripen'd to Love,
 And let gentle Pity, &c.

S Y L V I A.

Well then, faithful Swain, I'll examine my Heart,
 And, if it be possible, grant you a Part,
 And, if it be possible, &c.

D A M O N.

Now that's like yourself, like an Angel express'd;
 For grant me but Part, and I'll soon steal the rest,
 For grant me but Part, &c.

B O T H.

Take heed then, ye Fair, and with Caution believe,
 For Love's an Intruder, and apt to deceive,
 For Love's an Intruder, and apt to deceive.

When

The WREATH.

15

When once the least Part the sly Urchin has gain'd,
You'll ne'er be at Ease, 'till the Whole is obtain'd,
You'll ne'er be at Ease, 'till the Whole is obtain'd.

SONG II.

The LASS with the Golden Locks.

NO more of my *Harriet*, of *Polly* no more,
Nor all the bright Beauties that charm'd me
before;

Myself for a Slave to gay *Venus* I've sold,
And have barter'd my Freedom for Ringlets of Gold:
I throw down my Pipe, and neglect all my Flocks,
And will sing of my Lads with the Golden Locks.

Tho' o'er her white Forehead the gilt Tresses flow,
Like the Rays of the Sun on a Hillock of Snow;
Such, Painters of old, drew the Queen of the Fair,
'Tis the Taste of the Ancients, 'tis classical Hair;
And tho' Witlings may scoff, and tho' Raillery mocks,
Yet I'll sing of my Lads with the Golden Locks.

Than the Swan, in the Brook, she's more dear to my
Sight,

Her Mien is more stately, her Breast is more white;
Her Lips are like Rubies, all Rubies above,
Which are fit for the Labour or Language of Love.
At the Park in the *Mall*, at the Play in the Box,
My Lad bears the *Belle* with her Golden Locks.

Her beautiful Eyes, as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my Joy, or shall weep for my Woe;
She shall ease my fond Heart, and shall sooth my
soft Pain,

While Thousands of Rivals are fighting in vain.

Let them rail at the Fruit they can't reach, like the
 Fox,
 While I have the Lads with the Golden Locks.

SONG III.

THE Charms of *Florimel*,
 No Force of Time or Art,
 Shall sever from my Heart;
 But ever to the World I'll tell,
 The Charms of beauteous *Florimel*.

Each Rock and sunny Hill,
 The flow'ry Meads and Groves,
 Shall say *Myrtillo* loves;
 And Echo shall be taught to tell,
 The Charms of beauteous *Florimel*.

Each Tree, within the Vale,
 That on it's Bark doth wear
 The Triumphs of my Fair;
 To future Times, in Verse, shall tell,
 The Charms of beauteous *Florimel*.

Each Brook and purling Rill,
 Shall on it's bubbling Stream,
 Convey the Virgin's Name;
 And, as it rolls in Murmurs, tell,
 The Charms of beauteous *Florimel*.

The *Sylvian* Gods that dwell
 Amidst this sacred Grove,
 Shall wonder at my Love;
 While ev'ry Sound conspires to tell,
 The Charms of beauteous *Florimel*.

SONG.

SONG IV.

IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment?
 If bitter, Oh! tell me, whence comes my Content?
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain?
 Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me and tickles my Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
 And, by passionate Silence, I make my Love known:
 But, Oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing Mistake to discover her Love:
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.

How pleasing is Beauty! how sweet are the Charms!
 How delightful Embraces! how peaceful her Arms!
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to Love,
 'Tis taught us on Earth and by all Things above;
 And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield,
 For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field.

SONG V.

A BURLESQUE on the foregoing.

IF Wine be a Cordial, why does it torment?
 If a Poison, Oh! tell me whence comes my Content?
 Since I drink it with Pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or repent ev'ry Morn, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so charming the Glass is, so deep is the Quarr,
 That at once it both drowns and enlivens my Heart.

I take

I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
 By my jolly Complexion I make my Joy known :
 But, Oh ! how I'm blest, when so strong it does prove,
 By it's sovereign-Heart to expel that of Love ;
 When in quenching the old, I create a new Flame,
 And am wrapt in such Pleasures as still want a Name.

SONG VI.

DEclare, my pretty Maid,
 Must my fond Suit miscarry ?
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
 But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your Mind at once,
 Nor longer let me tarry ;
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
 But hang me if I marry.

'Tho' Charms and Wit assail,
 'The Stroke I well can parry ;
 I love to toy, and kiss and play,
 But do not chuse to marry.

Young Molly of the Dale,
 Makes a meer Slave of Harry ;
 Because when they had toy'd and kiss'd,
 'The foolish Swain wou'd marry.

These fix'd Resolves, my Dear,
 I to the Grave will carry ;
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
 But hang me if I marry.

SONG

SONG VII.

NAN of the Vale.

IN a small pleasant Village by Nature compleat,
Of a few honest Shepherds the quiet Retreat,
There liv'd a young Lass of so lovely a Mien,
As seldom at Balls, or at Courts can be seen:
The sweet Damask Rose was full blown on her
Cheek,
The Lilly display'd all its White on her Neck;
The Lads of the Village all strove to prevail,
And call'd her with Rapture sweet *Nan* of the Vale.

First poor *Hodge* spoke his Passion 'till quite out
of Breath,
Crying, wounds, he could hug her and kiss her to
Death;
And *Dick* with her Beauty was so much possess'd,
That he loathed his Food and abandon'd his Rest:
But she could find nothing in them to endear,
So sent each away with a Flea in his Ear,
And said no such Boobies could tell a Love-Tale,
Or bring to Compliance sweet *Nan* of the Vale.

'Till young *Roger*, the smartest of all the gay
Green,
Who late on a Frolick to *London* had been,
Came back much improv'd in his Air and Address,
And boldly attack'd her, not fearing Success;
He said Heav'n form'd such ripe Lips to be kiss'd,
And press'd her so close, that she could not resist;
He shew'd the dull Clowns the right Way to assail,
And brought to his Wishes sweet *Nan* of the Vale.

SONG

The WREATH.

SONG VIII.

In the Opera of ROSAMOND.*Set by* Mr. ARNE.

IF 'tis Joy to wound a Lover,
 How much more to give him Ease?
 When his Passion we discover,
 O! how pleasing 'tis to please!

This is doubly to encharm him,
 Makes him proud to be a Slave;
 What can more our Worth inform him,
 Than to heal the Wounds we gave?

Thus the Warrior, fam'd in Story,
 Leading Captive thro' the Field;
 Justly merits double Glory,
 Gently treating those that yield.

SONG IX.

The BONNY BROOM.

HOW blythe was I each Morn to see
 My Swain come o'er the Hill;
 He leap'd the Brook and flew to me,
 I met him with good Will:
 I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
 When his Flocks near me lay;
 He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
 And chear'd me all the Day.
 O! the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
 Where lost was my Repose,
 I wish I were with my dear Swain,
 With his Pipe and my Ewes.

He

The WREATH.

21

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed so sweet,
The Birds stood list'ning by ;
The fleecy Sheep stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody :
While thus we spent our Time, by Turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play,
I env'y'd not the fairest Dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
O! the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour ;
Cou'd I but faithful be ?
He stole my Heart ; cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
Hard Fate ! that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest Swain,
That ever yet was born.
*O! the Broom, the bonny, banny Broom,
Where lost was my Repose,
I wish I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ewes.*

SONG X.

Blythe JOCKEY.

BLYTHE Jockey, young and gay,
Is all my Heart's Delight ;
He's all my Talk by Day,
And all my Dreams by Night,
And all my Dreams by Night.
If from the Lad I be,
'Tis Winter then with me ;

But

But when he tarries here,
 'Tis Summer all the Year,
 'Tis Summer all the Year.

When I and *Jockey* met
 • First, on the flow'ry Dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And Love was all his Tale,
 And Love, &c.
 " You are the Lass, said he,
 " That stole my Heart from me ;
 " And look'd so sweetly kind,
 " That I my Heart resign'd,
 " That I my Heart, &c."

I'm glad when *Jockey* comes,
 Sad when he gangs away ;
 'Tis Night when *Jockey* glooms,
 But when he smiles 'tis Day,
 But when, &c.

When our Eyes meet, I pant,
 I colour, sigh, and faint ;
 What Lass, that wou'd be kind,
 Can better tell her Mind,
 Can better tell her Mind.

SONG XI.

Haughty STREPHON.

YE Gods that round fair *Celia* wait,
 From her bright Eyes to bring our Fate,
 Bear to the Nymph my softest Sighs,
 And tell her, her Adorer dies :
 But if that won't her Pity move,
 And she, proud Thing, disdains to Love ;
 Then let her know 'tis all a Lye,
 For haughty *Strephon* scorns to die.

SONG

SONG XII.

DAMON and PHILLIS.
A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

O H! *Phillis*, shame on you, to serve a Swain so,
You promis'd last *Lammas*, you very well know,
If I'd stay but 'till *Christmas*, our Hands should be
join'd,
And 'tis *Midsummer* now, *Phillis*; why so unkind?
Why, why *Phillis*, why so unkind?

PHILLIS.

True, *Damon*, I promis'd, I own it---what then?
My Mind has since alter'd---how faithless are Men?
You vow'd to be constant, and yet t'other Day,
Who swore that young *Lucy* was sweet as the *May*?
Sweet, sweet, was sweet as the *May*.

DAMON.

When *Phillis* grew coy, when she left me forlorn,
And was singing to *Collin* beneath the green Thorn;
Mad, jealous and fretting, pray who was to blame,
If with *Lucy* I strove to make *Phillis* the same?
Strove, strove to make *Phillis* the same?

PHILLIS.

Like the Bee that goes roving to riddle the Spring,
You pip'd to each Damsel, to me you would sing:
I lik'd the sweet Lay, for I thought it sincere;
But why does *Pastora* so oft' drop the Tear?
Why, why so oft' drop the Tear?

DAMON.

D A M O N .

From my Heart, let me tell thee, I proudly essay'd
 To conquer each beautiful, insolent Maid;
 The Garlands they wreath'd at thy Feet are resign'd:
 'This, this is my Pride, then is *Phyllis* unkind?
 Then, then, then is *Phyllis* unkind?

P H I L L I S

How frail the Disguise a fond Lover wou'd try!
 How weak the thin Snare, that the Soul would belye!
 Hence, hence with Suspicion, away from the Grove,
 And prove at the Church that Truth waits upon Love;
 Prove, prove, Truth waits upon Love.

B O T H .

Hence, hence with Suspicion, away from the Grove,
 And prove at the Church that Truth waits upon Love;
 Prove, prove, Truth waits upon Love.

S O N G XIII.

*T*O M loves *Mary* passing well,
 But *Mary* she loves *Harry*,
 While *Harry* sighs for bonny *Bell*,
 And finds his Love miscarry:
 For bonny *Bell* for *Thomas* burns,
 'Tho' *Mary* flights his Passion;
 So strangely freakish are the Turns
 Of Human Inclination.

As much as *Mary*, *Thomas* grieves;
 Proud *Hat* despises *Mary*;
 And all the Flours which *Bell* receives
 From *Tom*, she vents on *Harry*:

Thus

The WREATH.

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'Thus all by turns are woo'd, and wooc,
Nor Turtles can be truer;
Each loves the Object they pursue,
But hates the kind Pursuer.

Moll gave *Hall* a Wreath of Flow'rs,
Which he, in am'rous Folly,
Consign'd to *Bell*, and in few Hours
It came again to *Moll*'y.
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw People grummer;
If one has smil'd it catches round,
And all are in good Humour.

'Then Lovers hence, this Lesson learn,
'Throughout the *British* Nation,
How much 'tis ev'ry one's Concern
To smile a Reformation:
And still, thro' Life, this Rule pursue,
Whatever Objects strike ye;
Be kind to them who fancy you,
That those you love may like ye.

SONG XIV.

IF you my wand'ring Heart wou'd find,
That Heart you say is like the Wind,
'That varies here, that wanders there,
To every Nymph that's kind and fair;
I say, if you this Heart wou'd find,
'Turn to your own unsettled Mind;
If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be
In wand'ring constantly with thee.

How can it settle, when you fly,
And shun this faithful Votary?

C

R

It oft a Nymph that's fair doth find,
But never yet the Nymph that's kind:
If you wou'd fix this wand'ring Heart,
Join it with yours, 'twill ne'er depart;
But in the Pangs of Death 'twill prove,
It wander'd but to fix your Love.

SONG XV.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how
true,
And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too;
That my Lips are as red as the Rose-bud in *Tune*,
And my Voice like the Nightingale's sweetly in
Tune :

All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me must flatter me more,
But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If Beauty from Virtue receive no Supply,
Or prattles from Prudence, how wanting am I?
My Ease and good Humour short Raptures will
bring,
And my Voice, like the Nightingale's, know but
a Spring:
For Charms, such as these, then your Praises give
o'er,
To love me for Life you must love me for more,
To love me for Life, &c.

Then talk to me not of a Shape or an Air,
For *Cloe*, the Wanton, can rival me there ;
'Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look gay,
And brightens good Humour, as Sunshine the Day ;
For that if you love me, your Flame may be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

SONG

SONG XVI.

IN vain I try my ev'ry Art,
Nor can I fix a single Heart,
Yet I'm not old or ugly,
Yet I'm not old or ugly :
Let me consult my faithful Glass,
A Face much worse than this might pass,
Methinks I look full smugly,
Methinks I look full smugly.

Yet bless'd with all these pow'rful Charms,
The young *Palemon* fled these Arms,
That wild unthinking Rover,
That wild, &c.
Hope, silly Maids, as soon to bind
The rolling Stream, the flying Wind,
As fix a rambling Lover,
As fix, &c.

But hamper'd in the Marriage Noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty Riot,
And make, &c.
Like mad Men how they'll stamp and tear,
Awhile they'll shake their Chains and swear,
And then lye down in Quier,
And then lye down in Quier.

SONG XVII.

A LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

AS *Gloe* came into the Room t'other Day,
A I pevish began, where so long could' you
stay ?

In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour;
You promis'd at Two, and pray look, Child, 'tis
Four.

A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels,
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals;
A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear:
Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.

Lord bless me, said she, let a Body but speak;
Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud fall'n into my Neck;
It has hurt me and vext me to such a Degree;
See here, for you never believe me, pray see:
On the Left-side my Breast what a Mark it has
made;
So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd;
That Scene of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
And forgot every Word I design'd to have said.

SONG XVIII.

The SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

THE new-flown Birds, the Shepherds sing,
And welcome in the *May*;
Come, *Pastorella*, now the Spring
Makes ev'ry Landskip gay.
Wide-spreading Trees, their leafy Shade
O'er Half the Plain extend:
Or, in reflecting Fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring Branches bend.

Come, taste the Season in its Prime,
And bless the rising Year;
Oh! how my Soul grows sick of Time,
Till thou, my Love, appear.

Then

The WREATH.

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Then shall I pass the gladsome Day,
Warm in thy Beauty's Shire;
When thy dear Flock shall sport and play,
And intermix with mine.

For thee of Doves a Milk-white Pair,
In silken Bands I hold;
For thee a firstling Lambkin fair,
I keep within the Fold.
If Milk-white Doves Acceptance meet,
Or tender Lambkin please;
My spotless Heart, without Deceit,
Be offer'd up with these.

SONG XIX.

JOCKEY.

I'LL sing to my Lover all Night and all Day,
He's ever good-humour'd, and frolick, and gay,
His Voice is as sweet as the Nightingale's Lay,
And well on his Bagpipe my Shepherd can play,
And a bonny young Lad is my Jockey,
And a bonny young Lad is my Jockey.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
And praises my Eyes, my Lips, and my Hair,
Rose, Violet, nor Lilly, with me can compare:
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear:
And a bonny young Lad, &c.

He kneel'd at my Feet, and with many a Sigh,
He cry'd, Oh! my Dear, will you never comply?
If you mean to destroy me, why do it, I'll die:
I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I;
And a bonny young Lad, &c.

Around

Around the tall Maypole he dances so neat,
 And Sonnets of Love the dear Boy can repeat;
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise, and discreet;
 His Looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet;
 And a bonny young Lad, &c.

At Eve, when the Sun seeks Repose in the West,
 And *May's* tuneful Choirists all skim to their Nest,
 When I meet on the Green the dear Boy I love best,
 My Heart is just ready to burst from my Breast;
 And a bonny young Lad, &c.

But see how the Meadows are moist'n'd with Dew;
 Come, come, my dear Shepherd, I wait but for you;
 We live for each other; both constant and true,
 And taste the soft Raptures no Monarch e'er knew;
 And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*,
 And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*.

SONG XX.

L O T H A R I A.

Vainly, now, ye strive to charm me,
 All ye Sweets of blooming *May*;
 How should empty Sunshine warm me,
 While *Lotharia* keeps away,
 While *Lotharia*, &c.

Go, ye warbling Birds, go leave me;
 Shade, ye Clouds, the smiling Sky:
 Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me;
 Softer Sunshine fills her Eye,
 Softer Sunshine fills her Eye.

SONG

The WREATH.

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SONG XXI.

ADVICE to the LADIES.

FORgive, ye Fair, nor take it wrong,
If aught too much I do ;
Permit me while I give my Song,
To give a Lesson too :
Let *Modesty*, that Heav'n-born Maid,
Your Words and Actions grace ;
'Tis this, and only this, can add
New Lustre to your Face.

'Tis this which paints the Virgin Cheeks
Beyond the Pow'r of Art ;
And ev'ry real Blush bespeaks
The Goodness of the Heart :
This Index of the virtuous Mind,
Your Lovers will adore ;
'Tis this will leave a Charm behind
When Bloom can charm no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle Men
With nice Reserve behave ;
And learn, by Distance, to maintain
The Pow'r your Beauty gave :
For this, when Beauty must decay,
Your Empire will protect ;
The Wanton pleases for a Day,
But ne'er creates Respect.

With this their silly Jests reprove,
When Coxcombs dare intrude ;
Nor think the Man is worth your Love,
Who ventures to be rude :

Your

Your Charms, when cheap, will ever pall ;
 They fully with a Touch ;
 And tho' you mean to grant not All,
 You often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous Fair
 Expect the gen'rous Youth,
 Whom Heav'n has doom'd her Heart to share,
 And bless'd with Love and Truth :
 For him alone preserve her Hand,
 And wait the happy Day,
 When he with Justice can command,
 And she with Joy obey.

SONG XXII.

LOVE *and* CONSTANCY.

LONG Time my Heart had rov'd,
 Inconstant as the Wind ;
 Each Girl I saw I swore I lov'd,
 Till one my Heart confin'd :
 The Maid was blythe, was young and fair,
 From Affectation free ;
 No Imperfection did appear,
 While she look'd kind on me,
 While she look'd kind on me.

When her my Pain I told,
 And all my Heart confess'd,
 The Insolence of female Pride
 Her cold Disdain express'd :
 The Beauty I esteem'd before
 Appear'd Deformity,
 Each Charm I thought a Charm no more ;
 She was unkind to me.

Fond

Fond Youth, forbear ; no more
 The Sexes Weakness scan ;
 'Twas not Inconstancy or Pride,
 But Trial of the Man.
 When Time had prov'd my Flame sincere,
 She own'd the same for me !
 Not Love alone can win the Fair,
 But Love and Constancy.

SONG XXIII.

MUSICK and BEAUTY.

OF Musick and of Beauty's Pow'r
 I doubted much, and doubted long :
 The fairest Face, a gaudy Flow'r ;
 An empty Sound, the sweetest Song.

' Give me, I cry'd, the Verse that warms,
 ' Untortur'd into senseless Sighs ;
 ' And let me gaze on brighter Charms,
 ' The painted Bow, or Ev'ning Skies.'

RECITATIVE.

'Twas thus I talk'd, and thus I thought,
 Most rationally wrong,
 Till pow'rful Love a Wonder wrought,
 And thus subdu'd the Throng.

Her tuneful Voice *Nigretta* rais'd,
 And sung so sweet, and smil'd so gay ;
 At once I list'ned, and I gaz'd,
 And look'd, and heard my Soul away.

To

To her, of all his beauteous Train,
 This wond'rous Pow'r has *Love* assign'd,
 A *double Conquest* to obtain,
 And cure at once the *Deaf* and *Blind*.

SONG XXIV.

SYLVIA.

SAY, *Sylvia*, shall I speak or die,
 My Heart is bursting with a Sigh?
 Let it have Vent; ah! hear the Plea
 Of Love and strict Sincerity.

The Swain who tells his Passion best,
 Is ever thought to feel it least;
 Yet must my coward Heart begin,
 For Silence ne'er can Beauty win.

It is our Duty first to speak,
 The Forms of nice Decorum break,
 The Blush of yielding to prevent,
 And from a Languish steal Consent.

To wrack my Brain for Simile,
 Or strive to liken aught to thee,
 Would Eloquence, not Passion prove;
 Your Likeness would divide my Love.

Safe then the Lilly and the Rose,
 Since, uncompar'd, may Sweets disclose:
 If *Sylvia's* conquer'd, it shall be
 By Love and strict Sincerity.

SONG

The WREATH.

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SONG XXV.

The A S S.

PUSH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the
Heart,

While thus we sit round on the Grass;
The Lover who talks of his Sufferings and Smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

The Wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten Pelf,
And wishes to add to the Mass;
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass,
Deserves to be reckon'd, &c.

The Beau who so smart with his well-powder'd Hair,
An Angel beholds in the Glass,
And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the Fair,
May justly be reckon'd an Ass,
May justly be reckon'd, &c.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam,
Of *Cræsus* the Wealth to surpass,
And oft while he's wand'ring, my Lady at Home
Claps the Horns of an Ox on an Ass,
Claps the Horns of an Ox, &c.

The Lawyer so grave when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well cover'd with Brass;
Tho' he talks to no Purpose, he pockets your Fee;
There you, my good Friend, are the Ass,
There you, my good Friend, &c.

The

The formal Physician who knows every Ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this Class ;
 The sick Man awhile may confide in his Skill,
 But Death proves the Doctor an Ass,
 But Death proves the Doctor, &c.

Then let us Companions be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our Bottle and Laffs ;
 For he who his Pleasure puts off for a Day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

SONG XXVI.

COLLIN'S *Invitation to CÆLIA.*

ARISE, my *Cælia* ; come away ;
 The chearful Spring begins To-day :
 Bleak Winter's gone, with all her Train
 Of chilling Frost and dropping Rain.

Amidst the Verdure of the Mead,
 The Primrose lifts her velvet Head ;
 The warbling Birds, the Woods among, -
 Salute the Season with a Song.

The cooing Turtles, in the Grove,
 Renew the tender Tales of Love :
 The Vines their infant Tendrils shoot ;
 The Fig-Trees bud with early Fruit.

All welcome in the genial Ray :
 Come, with thy *Collin* ; come away :

Together

Together let us range the Fields,
And view the Fruit the Vineyard yields.

There in close embowered Shades,
By purling Rills on rosy Beds,
Ne'er minding of the Noontide Ray,
We'll love the sultry Hours away.

SONG XXVII.

The FOND HUSBAND.

I N Days of old, as Poets tell,
That *Orpheus* went down to Hell
To seek his Wife, nor could he guess,
To find her in a likelier Place.
Down he went singing, as they say,
And trolling Ballads all the Way.
No Wonder that—the Reason's clear,
For then he was a Widower.

Timber and Stones with Speed did fly,
After his noble Harmony :
The self-same Thing I've seen befall
The woful'st Scrapper of them all.
To Hell he came, and told his Case,
Torment and Pain strait quit the Place ;
Each Fiend was happy, when compar'd
With such a wretched, wedded Bard.

Pluto with his Request comply'd,
But him to these Conditions ty'd,
'That he should take, but not look on her ;
Both hard Commands to Man of Honour.

The WREATH.

So on the loving Couple went;
 He led her up the steep Ascent:
 For when the Man does downward stray,
 The Woman always leads the Way.

The fond Wretch turn'd his Head too soon:
 If 'twas on Purpose, 'twas well done;
 But if by Chance, a Hit indeed,
 That did beyond his Hopes succeed.
 Happy the married Wight that e'er
 Once comes to be a Widower;
 But twice of one Wife to get free,
 Is Luck in its Extremity.

SONG XXVIII.

The DREAM.

COME, gentle God of soft Repose,
 And lull my Soul to Rest;
 In thy Embraces let me lose
 The Pangs that wrack my Breast.
 Arise, ye dear Deceits, arise;
 And dress'd in *Damon's* Form,
 My long-expecting, wishing Eyes,
 With his Resemblance charm.

Those melting Sounds still let me hear,
 Which did his Flame impart,
 Which bless'd with Love my list'ning Ear,
 And pierc'd my yielding Heart.
 Why rove my Thoughts on pleasing Cares,
 Which only Dreams bestow?
 For, Oh! whenever the Morn appears,
 I wake to endless Woe.

The

The envious Light, from my sad Eyes,
 Drives ev'ry Joy away;
 With Night the lovely Phantom flies,
 And leaves me lost in Day.
 Since waking then I am distress'd,
 And Pleasure's fled with him;
 If sleeping I can still be blest'd,
 Let Life be all a Dream.

SONG XXIX.

DAMON to CELIA.

TO Celia thus young Damon said,
 " See here a mossy Carpet spread,
 And then her Hand he press'd:
 " Free from the World's enquiring Eye,
 " Here lurks, my Dear, no busy Spy;
 He look'd, and sigh'd the rest.

She started with a faint Surprise,
 While Pleasure sparkling in her Eyes,
 " Sure Damon does not mean,"
 The Shepherd stopt her with a Kiss,
 And clasp'd her panting Breast to his;
 " My Dear, we are not seen."

Then by a thousand Kisses more,
 A thousand tender Oaths he swore,
 His Love should never end,
 She call'd on ev'ry Pow'r above,
 None heard her but the God of Love,
 And he was Damon's Friend.

" And is there then no Help?" she said;
 " By *Damon* thus to be betray'd!"
 Then hung her Head and blush'd:
 " Oh! *Damon, Damon*, yet be good:"
 The Shepherd smil'd, and swore he wou'd:
 She sigh'd, and all was hush'd.

SONG XXX.

Would'st thou all the Joys receive,
 That enraptur'd Lovers give?
 Take a Heart from Falshood free;
 Take a Heart that doats on thee.
 Nice Suspicion's jealous Train,
 Still creates the Virgin's Pain:
 Then each timid Care remove;
 You can smile, and I can love.

Blest with thee, profusely gay,
 Time shall wing his smiling Way;
 Ever blooming Joys encrease,
 Tranquil Liberty and Peace.
 Oh! let Kindness rule thy Breast,
 Smile my panting Heart to Rest:
 Sweetly smile, and thou shalt know,
 We can make a Heav'n below.

SONG XXXI.

SINCE *Jenny* thinks mean her Heart's-Love to-day,
 And *Peggy*'s uneasy when *Harry*'s not by,
 I'll own, with blushing, were all the World by;
 And *Willy*'s the Lad, the Lad for me;
 And *Willy*'s the Lad, the Lad for me.

He

He brought me a Wreath, which his Hands did
compose,
Where the Dale-loving Lilly was twine'd with the
Rose ;
Young Myrtle in Sprigs did the Borders inclose ;
And Willy's the Lad, &c.

" By Myrtle, said he, is my Passion express'd ;
" The Rose, like your Lips, in Vermillion is dress'd ;
" And the Lilly, for Whiteness, may vie with your
Breast ;
And Willy's the Lad, &c.

These Ribbons of mine were his Gift at the Fair ;
My Mother looks cross, and cries, "*Fanny, beware,*"
But d'ye think I regard her ? Not I, I declare ;
And Willy's the Lad, &c.

Beneath a tall Beach, and reclin'd on his Crook,
I saw my dear Shepherd, how sweet was his Look !
He ask'd for one Kiss, but a Hundred he took ;
And Willy's the Lad, &c.

I cry'd, " You're too rude," with affected Disdain,
For early in Life we're instructed to feign.
He made me no Answer, but kiss'd me again ;
And Willy's the Lad, &c.

Then what can I do ? Instruct me, ye Maids,
When a Lover so closely, so warmly invades,
Whose Silence as much as his Language persuades ;
And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me ;
And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me.

S O N G

SONG XXXH.

MUTUAL LOVE.

When'er I meet my *Celia's* Eyes,
 Sweet Transports in my Bosom rise,
 My Feet forget to move,
 My Feet forget to move :
 She too declines her lovely Head,
 Soft Blushes o'er her Cheeks are spread ;
 Sure this is mutual Love !
 Sure this is mutual Love !

My beating Heart is wrapt in Bliss
 When'er I steal a tender Kiss,
 Beneath the silent Grove,
 Beneath the silent, &c.
 She strives to frown, and puts me by,
 Yet Anger dwells not in her Eye ;
 Sure this is mutual Love !
 Sure this is, &c.

And once, O ! once, the dearest Maid,
 As on her Breast my Head was laid,
 Some secret Impulse drove,
 Some secret Impulse, &c.
 Me ! me ! her gentle Arms caress'd,
 And to her Bosom closely press'd ;
 Sure this is mutual Love !
 Sure this is, &c.

And now, transported with her Charms,
 A soft Desire my Bosom warms,
 Forbidden Joys to prove,
 Forbidden Joys, &c.

Trembling,

The WREATH.

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Trembling, for fear she should comply,
She from my Arms prepares to fly,
Tho' warm'd with mutual Love!
Tho' warm'd with, &c.

" O ! stay, I cry'd, let *Hymen's* Bands
" This Moment tie our willing Hands,
" And all thy Fears remove,
" And all thy Fears remove."
A modest Blush Consent express'd,
And now we live supremely blest'd,
A Life of mutual Love,
A Life of mutual Love.

S O N G XXXIII.

YOUNG *Strepbon*, a Shepherd, the Pride of the Plain,

Each Day is attempting my Kindness to gain ;
He takes all Occasions his Flame to renew ;
I always reply, that his Courting won't do.

He spares no rich Presents to make me more kind,
And exhausts, in my Praise, all the Wit of his Mind :
I say I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go :
He asks me so oft, that I rudely say, No.

To *Thyrfis*, last *Valentine's* Day, the dear Youth,
I tell him I plighted my Faith and my Truth ;
That Wealth cannot Peace and Contentment bestow,
And my Heart is another's, so beg he will go.

That Love is not purchas'd with Titles and Gold,
And the Heart that is honest can never be sold ;
That I sigh not for Grandeur, but look down on Show,
And to *Thyrfis* must hasten, nor answer him, No.

He

He hears me; and, trembling all over, replies;
 If his Suit I prefer not he instantly dies:
 He gives me his Hand, and would force me to go;
 I pity his Sufferings, but boldly say, No.

I try to avoid him, in hopes of sweet Peace,
 He haunts me each Moment to make me say, Yes:
 But To-morrow, ye Fair Ones, with *Thyrsis* I go,
 And trust me, at Church, that I will not say, No.

SONG XXXIV.

PHILLIS'S COMPLAINT.

YE Warblers, while *Strephon* I moan,
 To cheer me your Harmony bring;
 Unless, since my Shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor *Phyllis*, to sing.
 Each Flower declines it's sweet Head,
 Nor Odours around me will throw,
 While ev'ry soft Lamb on the Mead
 Seems kindly to pity my Woe.

Each rural Amusement I try
 In vain, to restore my past Ease;
 What charm'd when my *Strephon* was by,
 Has now lost the Power to please.
 Ye Seasons, that brighten the Groves,
 Not long for your Absence we mourn;
 But *Strephon* neglects me, and roves;
 He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the Spring is my Dear,
 And sweet as all Flowers combin'd;
 His Smiles, like the Summer, can cheer;
 Ah! why then, like Winter, unkind:

Unkind:

Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be ;
To *Celia* and *Ghloe* makes love,
And only is cruel to me.

SONG XXXV.

YOUNG *Colin* was the bonniest Swain
That ever pip'd on flowery Plain,
Or danc'd upon the Lee :
The wanton Kid with gamesome Bound,
That frolicks o'er the turfy Ground,
Was ne'er so blythe as he.

Beneath the Oak, in yonder Dale,
You'd think you heard the Nightingale
When e'er he rais'd his Voice :
But, ah ! the Swain was all Deceit,
His Vows, his Oaths, were all a Cheat,
And Choice succeeded Choice.

The Maidens sung, in Willow Groves,
Of *Colin's* false and perjur'd Loves ;
Here *Jenny* told her Woes :
And *Noggy's* Tears increas'd the Brook,
Whose Checks like dying Lillies look,
That once out-blush'd the Rose.

Unhappy Fair, my Words believe,
So shall no Swain your Hopes deceive,
And leave ye to despair :
Ere he disclose his fickle Mind,
Change first yourselves ; for, Ah ! you'll find
False *Colins* ev'ry where.

The WREATH

SONG XXXVI.

The REASONABLE LOVER.

I Seek not at once in a Female to find
 The Form of a *Venus*, with *Pallas's* Mind :
 Let the Girl that I love have but Prudence in View,
 That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true;
 Be her Person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean ;
 Let her Temper be cloudless, and open her Mien ;
 By Folly, ill Nature, or Vanity led,
 Nor indebted to Paint, for White or for Red.

May her Tongue, that dread Weapon in most of
 the Sex,
 Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex :
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jest,
 For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest :
 May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
 Not affectedly wise, or too pert with her Wit :
 Go find out the Fair that is form'd on my Plan,
 And I'll love her for ever, I mean if I can.

SONG XXXVII.

NANNY of the Hill.

A Shift me ev'ry tuneful Bard,
 Oh ! lend me all your SKILL,
 In choicest Lays that I may praise
 Dear Nanny of the Hill ;
 Sweet Nanny, dear Nanny,
 Sweet Nanny of the Hill.

How

How gay the glitt'ring Beam of Morn
That gilds the chrystal Rill?
But far more bright than Morning Light
Shines *Nanny* of the Hill;
Dear *Nanny*, shines *Nanny*,
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

The gayest Flow'r, so fair of late,
The Ev'ning Damps will kill;
But ev'ry Day more fresh and gay
Blooms *Nanny* of the Hill;
Sweet *Nanny*, blooms *Nanny*,
Sweet *Nanny* of the Hill.

Old Time arrests his rapid Flight,
And keeps his Motion still,
Resolv'd to spare a Face so fair
As *Nanny's* of the Hill;
Dear *Nanny's*, sweet *Nanny's*,
Dear *Nanny's* of the Hill.

To form my Charmer Nature has
Exerted all her Skill;
With Beauty, Truth, and rosy Youth,
Deck'd *Nanny* of the Hill;
Deck'd *Nanny*, sweet *Nanny*,
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

And now around the festive Board
The jovial Bumpers fill;
Each take his Glass to my dear *Lass*,
Sweet *Nanny* of the Hill;
Dear *Nanny*, sweet *Nanny*,
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

S O N G

SONG XXXVIII.

TELL me, Pride of this Creation,
 Are thy Passions all at Rest;
 Feel'st thou no fond Palpitation,
 Like the panting in my Breast,
 Too tender far to be express.
 Tell me, *Celia*, tell my Fate;
 Dost thou love? or dost thou hate?
 Sweetly smile, with Approbation,
 Lest thou kill with the Relation:
 See me sighing,
 See me dying;
 To enjoy thy matchless Charms:
 O! take me, take me to thy Arms.

Kindly, *Celia*, leave Evasion:
 Why that Blush? those down-cast Eyes?
 Yield thee, Love, to soft Persuasion,
 On thy Breast alone he lies,
 To save the Wretch who fondly dies.
 Heav'n! what rapt'rous Scenes appear!
 See the undissembled Tear!
 Each dear Nerve with Tremor thrilling,
 And her Eyes, how softly killing!
 Sweet Confession;
 Past Expression:
 Grateful may I live to prove,
 How much I dpat, how much I love.

SONG

SONG XXXIX.

The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE *Lawland* Lads think they are fine,
 But Oh! they're vain and idly gaudie;
 How much unlike that graceful Mien,
 And manly Looks of my *Highland Laddie*.
O my bonny Highland Laddie,
My handsome, smiling Highland Laddie;
May Heav'n still guard, and Love reward,
The Lawland Lads and her Highland Laddie.

If I were free at Will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest *Lawland Laidy*,
 I'd take young *Donald* in his Trews,
 With Bonnet blue and belted *Plaidy*.
O my bonny, &c.

The bravest Beau in *Burrows-Town*,
 In a' his *Airs*, with Art made ready;
 Compar'd to him he's but a Clown,
 He's finer far in's *Tartan Plaidy*.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er *Benty-Hills* with him I'll run,
 And leave my *Lawland Kin* and *Daddy*,
 Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
 He'll screen me with his *Highland Plaidy*.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room and filken Bed,
 May please a *Lawland Laird* and *Laidy*;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a Bush in's *Highland Plaidy*.
O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear *Highland Laddie*,
 And he ca's me his *Lawland Lass*,
 Syn rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heav'n preserves my *Highland Laddie*.
O my bonny Highland Laddie,
My handsome, smiling Highland Laddie ;
Alay Heav'n still guard, and Love reward,
The Lawland Lass and her Highland Laddie.

SONG XL.

The HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THE *Lawland Maids* go spruce and fine,
 But oft they're sow'r and perily sawcy ;
 So proud they never can be kind,
 Like my good-humour'd *Highland Lassie*.
O my bonny Highland Lassie,
My hearty, smiling Highland Lassie ;
Alay never Care make thee less fair,
But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.

'Fore any Lass in *Burrows-Town*,
 Who makes her Cheeks with Patches motie,
 I'd take my *Katie* with one Gown,
 Bare-footed in her little Coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

The

The WREATH.

51

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,
And Berries ripe invite my Treasure,
Enamell'd Flowers breathe Perfume,
And court my Love to rural Pleasure.
O my bonny, &c.

Come lovely *Katie*, come away,
We'll chearful range the flow'ry Meadows,
Thy Smiles shall gild each live-long Day,
And Love and Truth for ever bed us.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the Brier, or Birken Bush,
When e'er I court, or kiss my Beauty,
Happy and blythe as one would wish,
My flutt'ring Heart goes pitty-patty.
O my bonny Highland Lassie,
My bearty, smiling Highland Lassie ;
May never Care make thee less fair,
But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.

SONG XLI.

My PEGGIE, if thou die.

LOVE never more shall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fixt on thee ;
Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
My *Peggie*, if thou die.
Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give,
Thy Love's so true to me ;
Without thee I shall never live,
My *Peggie*, if thou die.

E 2

If

If Fate shall tear thee from my Breast,
 How lonely shall I stray ?
 In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,
 In Sighs the silent Day :
 I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
 Nor such Perfection see;
 Then I'll renounce all Womankind,
 My *Peggie*, after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart,
 With *Cupid's* raving Rage ;
 But thine, which can such Sweets impart,
 Must all the World engage :
 'Twas these that, like the Morning Sun,
 Gave Joy and Life to me ;
 And, when it's destin'd Day is done,
 With *Peggie* let me die.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on virtuous Love,
 And in such Pleasure share ;
 You, who it's faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity view the Fair :
 Restore my *Peggie's* wonted Charms,
 Those Charms so dear to me ;
 Oh ! never rob them from those Arms :
 I'm lost, if *Peggie* die.

SONG XLII.

AS *Damon* and *Phillis* were tending their Sheep,
 The Swain on a Cock of new Hay fell asleep ;
 The Nymph, in a Frolick, stepp'd behind an Oak,
 To observe how young *Damon* would seem when he
 'woke :

Not

The WREATH.

53

Not long she'd been there e'er the Swain op'd his
Eyes ;

And, not seeing *Phillis*, was struck with Surprise ;
He snatch'd up his Crook, and ran wild o'er the
Plain,

And thus he enquir'd of each Nymph and Swain :

Have ye seen e'er a Shepherdess tripping this Way,
As blythe as the Spring, and as bright as the Day,
In russet Apparel, yet grand in her Mien,
Resembling, in Beauty, the fam'd *Cyprian* Queen :
Two Lambkins, Milk-white as her Bosom, I'll give,
Let me but some Tydings of *Phillis* receive ;
And, if ye ask more, be so generous, ye Swains,
Restore me the Nymph ye shall kiss for your Pains.

Thus he spoke, but no Tydings of *Phillis* cou'd hear,
Then back to his Flock he return'd in Despair ;
To the Oak, when she saw him, the Wanton did go ;
And, when he came near her, pop'd out, and cry'd,
Bo !

Both Joy and Surprise at once struck the poor
Swain,

Enraptur'd he gaz'd on his *Phillis* again :
He chided a little ; she smil'd at his Care ;
So each gave a Kiss, and made up th' Affair.

S O N G XLIII.

The TIPPET.

IN low'ring Clouds the Day was dress'd,
The wint'ry Tempest blew,
When *Fanny* o'er her snowy Breast
A Sable Tippet threw :

Then

Then *Cupid* thus said, Naked I
Must bear the piercing Wind,
Beneath that Tippet let me lie,
And kindly Shelter find.

That trifling Favour shall be thine,
The pitying Maid reply'd ;
But first that useless Bow resign,
And lay those Darts aside.
The joyful God with eager Haste,
The graceful Fair obey'd,
And on her soft delicious Breast,
His shiv'ring Limbs he laid.

At length I taste a Joy sincere,
Cry'd out the happy God ;
O let me, living ever here,
Maintain this bless'd Abode :
But soon he felt more piercing Cold,
Than e'er before he knew ;
And, forc'd to quit his heav'nly Hold,
He strait to *Paphos* flew.

SONG XLIV.

Bright CELIA's Charms.

CELIA's bright Charms no more I'll chuse,
Nor for my Theme the Feats of Men ;
Our Ladies Wit employs my Muse ;
Oh ! kind *Apollo* guide my Pen.

Our

Our meaner Actions must express
Our shameful Folly, when 'tis writ,
That Men this Age consulted Dress,
While Ladies studied *Shakespear's* Wit.

Coxcombs shall listen to the Stage,
By you instructed, Wits commence ;
Ev'n Beaux your Beauty shall engage,
To join the Banner of good Sense.

Strive, *Britons*, strive t' improve the Mind,
Make Wit, not Dress, employ your Care,
Since nothing in this Age, you find,
But Wit and Sense can charm the Fair.

No more shall Merit's Passion fail,
Since Beauty, Wit and Knowledge prize,
Whose bright Example shall prevail,
And make it Fashion to be wise.

SONG XLV.

LOVE and LIBERTY.

TELL me, ye Gay, ye Brave, ye Wise,
Ye Strangers all to *Celia's* Eyes,
Whose Hearts are ever free ;
Tell me, how shall a wounded Swain
The Conflicts of his Mind restrain,
'Twixt Love and Liberty.

With constant Care my *Flavia* charms,
And courts me to her willing Arms,

The

The trueſt Nymph is ſhe :
 My rebel Heart, ſtill unconfin'd,
 To all her fond Endearments blind,
 Seeks Love and Liberty.

A Victim falls to *Celia's* Shrine,
 Who reigns alone with Pow'r divine,
 Deſpotick Queen of me :
 And, ſpite of all my conſcious Shame,
 My guilty Eyes reveal my Flame,
 I've loſt my Liberty.

O hear me, cruel God of Love,
 Propitious to thy Suppliant prove ;
 Ah ! let me ſtill be free :
 Grace *Flavia* with her Rival's Charms,
 Or bleſs me in my *Celia's* Arms,
 With Love and Liberty.

SONG XLVI.

YOUTH *and* BEAUTY.

WHILST Youth and Beauty join to pleaſe,
 The preſent Blifs enjoy ;
 Youth flies, and Beauty ſoon decays,
 And Time on ev'ry Charm will ſeize,
 Then, *Celia*, be not coy.

Behold the Lilly as it grows,
 White as thy ſnowy Breaſt ;
 Obſerve the fragrant bluſhing Roſe,
 Such rival Sweets thy Lips diſcloſe,
 View theſe, and make me bleſſ'd.

When

When Nature's in her best Array,
In Spring's gay Robe attir'd ;
When smiling *Phœbus* gilds the Day,
Like thee they shine, like thee look gay,
And are like thee admir'd.

But when bleak Winter's chilling Shade
Deforms the gloomy Sky,
Their Bloom decays, their Glories fade,
Low is their Pride of Beauty laid,
They droop their Heads and die.

S O N G XLVII.

The CONQUEST.

WHEN Beauty and Wit at first did conspire
With Art and Address, to inflame my Desire,
Great Love did unveil all *Jenny's* bright Charms,
And fix'd me at once a Slave to her Arms.
Her Smiles first attracted new Vigour and Pain ;
I trembled and fear'd, lest I should not obtain ;
But my Passion declin'd, and no longer she pleas'd,
For now simple *Molly* a Conquest has seiz'd.

Her Innocence, join'd with Sweetness and Youth,
At once now declare her good Nature and Truth ;
Admir'd by all, yet she artless appears,
And scorns with Disdain fam'd *Jenny's* gay Airs.
In Raptures all gaze, and with Pleasure declare,
Such Sweetness as her's dispels ev'ry Care :
Even now faithless *Harry*, a Stranger to Love,
Admires in her, what he ne'er cou'd approve.

S O N G

The WREATH.

SONG XLVIII.

The ROSE.

SWEET are the Flow'rs that deck the Field,
 Sweet is the Smell the Blossoms yield;
 Sweet is the Summer Gale that blows;
 And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the Rose;
 And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the Rose.

Survey the Gardens, Fields and Bow'rs,
 The Buds, the Blossoms, and the Flow'rs;
 Then tell me where the Woodbine grows,
 That vies, in Sweetness, with the Rose?
 That vies, in Sweetness, with the Rose?

SONG XLIX.

CHLOE SLEEPING.

BE still, ye Winds, *Chloe's* asleep,
 Ye murmur'ing Waters gently glide,
 Ye mossy Banks your Verdure keep,
 Ye Flow'rs appear all in your Pride.

Raise, raise ye Songsters of the Grove,
 To Harmony, your little Throats;
 Each Wish, each latent Passion move,
 With all your thrilling, am'rous Notes.

Your leafy Arms, ye Beaches, spread,
 And with the Elms and Oaks entwine,
 Whilst fragrant Dews drop on her Head,
 From Rose-buds and the Eglantine.

Morpheus

Morpheus strew thy Poppies round,
In leaden Sleep confine her fast;
Her Mantle's loose, her Zone unbound,
Ye Graces revel round her Waiste.

Auspicious *Cupid*, guide me there;
O lay me gently on her Breast:
'Tis done—and the all-charming Fair,
Asleep, unknowing is possess'd.

High revelling in vast Delight,
Panting, sighing, dead I seem'd.
' *Strephon*, she cry'd, (wak'd in a Fright)
' Is't you——O Lord! I thought I dream'd.'

SONG L.

FALSHOOD REPROV'D.

A Vaunt, ye Prudes, whose artful Eyes,
Your inward Sentiments disguise;
Whose tutor'd Lips your Thoughts conceal,
And stifle what your Bosoms feel;
Whose Hearts assume unnat'ral State,
And Man, for whom you're made, would hate.

My sparkling Eye and blushing Check,
With artless Innocence shall speak:
My Tongue shall never fear to impart,
Unfeign'd, the Language of my Heart;
And gen'rous as a Virgin can,
I'll ever treat a gen'rous Man.

SONG

SONG LI.

The T O P E R.

WHEN the rosy Bowl I drain,
 Transports revel in each Vein ;
 Warbling to the vocal String,
 Some gay Air I warbling sing.
 When I flood my Soul with Wine,
 Cares I to the Wind resign ;
 Let it Sea or Sky deform,
 My calm Breast ne'er feels a Storm,
 My calm Breast ne'er feels a Storm.

When in Wine my Cares I steep,
 Balmy Odours round me weep ;
 Whilst entranc'd in Beauty's Arms,
Venus, I adore thy Charms.
 When in Wine I drown my Care,
 Flow'ry Garlands I prepare ;
 And, when wreath'd with od'rous Joy,
 Sing, ye Gods ! how blest am I !
 Sing, ye Gods ! &c.

When I drain the spacious Bowl,
 Drinking I enlarge my Soul ;
 And with young Men ever gay,
 Dance and am as young as they ;
 Sinking thus a Flood of Wine,
 This dear Blessing I make mine ;
 Life's short Pleasures to enjoy,
 Sad or merry, all must die,
 Sad or merry, all must die.

SONG

SONG LII.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

H E.

HASTE, haste, *Phyllis*, haste, 'tis the First of the
May;
 Hark, the Goldfinches sing, to the Wood let's away:
 We'll pluck the pale Primrose, and, start not my
 Dear,
 I've something to whisper alone in your Ear,
 I've something to whisper alone in your Ear.

S H E.

Excuse me, fond Swain; it has often been said,
 'The Wood is unsafe for a Maiden to tread;
 And a wicher'd old Gipsy one Day I espy'd,
 Bid me shun the thick Wood, and said something
 beside,
 Bid me shun the thick Wood, &c.

H E.

'Tis all a mere Fable, there's nothing to fright;
 There's Musick all Day, and no Spectres at Night:
 No Creature but *Cupid*, believe me, is there;
 And *Cupid's* an Urchin, you surely can't fear,
 And *Cupid's* an Urchin, &c.

S H E.

For all I could say, when arriv'd at the Wood,
 Who knows your Designs? you might dare to be
 rude;
 So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
 Left *Cupid* and you are too hard for a Maid,
 Left *Cupid*, &c.

F

H E.

H E.

His Dictates you wisely at once shou'd approve ;
 For, pray what is Life ? 'tis a Pain without Love :
 'Think how Youth, like the Rose, tho' ungather'd,
 will fade ;
 'Then quickly comply, lest you die an old Maid,
 'Then quickly comply, &c.

S H E.

By Language as artful poor *Daphne* was won ;
 Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd and undone :
 And rather than trust the fine Things you have said,
 Let my Beauty decay, and I die an old Maid,
 Let my Beauty decay, &c.

H E.

Believe not I'm faithless and false as the Wind,
 I'll be true as the Turtle, as fond and as kind ;
 Will lead you to Pleasures untasted before,
 And make you my Bride : Can a Mortal do more ?
 And make you my Bride, &c.

S H E.

Then at once I comply, for I cannot say No ;
 To-morrow to Church with my Shepherd I'll go,
 To the Wood next, tho' *Cupid* so talk'd of be there,
 With Joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear,
 With Joy I'll away, &c.

S H E.

Ye Nymphs, to the Wood never venture to go ;
 'Till the Priest joins your Hand, you must answer,
 No, No.

H E.

H E.

Ye Swains, should your Fair Ones be deaf to you
still,
You must wear the soft Chain, then they'll go where
you will,
You must wear the soft Chain, then they'll go where
you will.

S O N G LIII.

The R O V E R.

IN all the Sex some Charms I find,
I love to try all Womankind,
The Fair, the Smart, the Witty,
The Fair, the Smart, the Witty :
In *Cupid's* Fetters most severe,
I languish'd out the long, long Year,
The Slave of wanton *Kitty*,
The Slave of wanton *Kitty*.

At length I broke the galling Chain,
And swore that Love was endless Pain,
One constant Scene of Folly,
One constant Scene, &c.
I vow'd no more to wear the Yoke,
But soon I felt the second Stroke,
And sigh'd for blue-ey'd *Polly*,
And sigh'd for, &c.

With Tresses next of flaxen Hue
Young *Jenny* did my Soul subdue,

F 2

That

That lives in yonder Alley,
 That lives, &c,
 Then *Cupid* threw another Snare,
 And caught me in the curling Hair
 Of little tempting *Sally*,
 Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with Charms tho' blythe and young,
 My roving Heart from Bondage sprung,
 This Heart of yielding Metal,
 This Heart, &c.
 And now it wanders here and there,
 By Turns the Prize of Brown and Fair,
 But never more will settle,
 But never more will settle.

SONG LIV:

STELLA and *Flavia* ev'ry Hour
 Do various Hearts surprize ;
 In *Stella's* Soul is all her Pow'r,
 And *Flavia's* in her Eyes:
 More boundless *Flavia's* Conquests are,
 And *Stella's* more confin'd :
 All can discern a Face that's fair,
 But few a heav'nly Mind.

Stella, like *Britain's* Monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated Lands :
 Like eastern Tyrants *Flavia* deigns
 To rule o'er barren Sands.
 Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy Face,
 Thy Beauty's only Store ;
 Each Day that makes thy Charms decrease
 Will give to *Stella* more.

SONG

SONG LV.

SICK of the Town, at once I flew
 To Contemplation's rural Seat ;
 Adieu, said I, vain World adieu,
 Fools only study to be great :
 The Book, the Lamp, the Hermit's Cell,
 The moss-grown Roof and matted Floor,
 All these I had—'twas mighty well,
 But yet I wanted something more.

Back to the busy World again
 I soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary Pain,
 Quiet of Heart and Peace of Mind :
 Gay Scenes of Grandeur ev'ry Hour
 My Eyes with Admiration fill ;
 The World seem'd all within my Pow'r,
 But yet I wanted something still.

Cities and Groves by Turns were try'd,
 'Twas all, ye Fair, an idle Tale ;
Celia at length became a Bride,
 A Bride to *Damon* of the Vale :
 All Nature smil'd, the Gloom was chear'd,
Damon was kind, I can't tell how,
 Each Place a Paradise appear'd,
 And *Celia* wanted nothing now.

SONG

SONG LVI.

The NON PAR

TH O' *Chloe's* out of Fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere,
 I'll toast her in a Bumper,
 If all the Belles were here.
 What tho' no Diamonds sparkle
 About her Neck and Waiste,
 With ev'ry shining Virtue
 'The lovely Maid is grac'd.
 With ev'ry shining Virtue, &c.

In modest, plain Apparel,
 No Patches, Paint, or Airs ;
 In Debt alone to Nature,
 An Angel she appears :
 From gay Coquets, high finish'd,
 My *Chloe* takes no Rules,
 Nor envies them their Conquests
 The Hearts of all the Fools.
 Nor envies them, &c.

Who wins her must have Merit ;
 Such Merit as her own :
 The Graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one.
 Then grant me, gracious Heav'n,
 The Gifts you most approve ;
 And *Chloe*, charming *Chloe*,
 Will bless me with her Love.
 And *Chloe*, &c.

SONG

SONG LVII.

The SHEPHERD's COMPLAINT.

SPRING returns, the Fawns advance,
 Leading on the sprightly Dance ;
 O'er the Fallow, o'er the Glade,
 Thro' the Sunshine, thro' the Shade ;
 Whilst I forlorn and pensive still
 Sit sighing for my *Daffodil*.

See the wanton Nymphs appear,
 Smiling all, as smiles the Year ;
 Sporting, print where'er they tread,
 Daisy Ground, or Primrose Bed ;
 Whilst I forlorn, &c.

Now the Swain, with wat'ry Shoe,
 Brushes by the Morning Dew,
 With officious Love to bear
 Fresh-blown Cowslips to his Fair ;
 Whilst I forlorn, &c.

Gentle Nymphs, forsake the Mead,
 To my Love for Pity plead :
 Go, ye Swains, and seek the Fair ;
 This, my last Petition, bear ;
 Whilst I forlorn, &c.

Sweetest Maid that e'er was seen
 Dance at Wake, or trip the Green,
 See a love-sick, sighing Swain ;
 Hear my Vows ; relieve my Pain ;
 Or, with your Frowns, for Pity kill,
 Too charming, cruel *Daffodil*.

SONG

SONG LVIII.

To SYLVIA.

IF Truth can fix thy wav'ring Heart,
 Let *Damon* urge his Claim;
 He feels the Passion, void of Art,
 The pure and constant Flame.
 Tho' sighing Swains their Torments tell,
 Their sensual Love contemn,
 They only prize the beauteous Shell,
 But slight the inward Gem.

Possession cures the wounded Heart,
 Destroys the transient Fire;
 But when the Mind receives the Dart,
 Enjoyment whets Desire.
 Your Charms each slavish Sense controul,
 A Tyrant's short-liv'd Reign;
 But milder Reason rules the Soul,
 Nor Time can break the Chain.

By Age your Beauties will decay,
 Your Mind improves with Years;
 As when the Blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning Fruit appears.
 May Heav'n and *Sylvia* grant my Suit,
 And bless each future Hour;
 That *Damon*, who can taste the Fruit,
 May gather ev'ry Flower.

SONG

S O N G L I X .

D A M O N ' s W I S H .

IF flatt'ring Love, if wild Despair,
Should triumph o'er a Virgin's Breast,
The rushing Tides would Storms raise there,
The raging Floods destroy her Rest.

Innocence, thou unerring Guide,
Conduct us to some pleasant Grove,
Where we in Safety may abide,
To perfect all the Joys of Love.

Near some cool Bank, near Hillocks green,
Far distant from the gaudy Train,
Where Silence dwells and Joy serene,
Where Bliss surrounds the happy Twain.

Welcome would be that rural Scene,
Where rolling Rivers run between ;
Welcome would be that Spot of Ground,
Where wand'ring Willows circle round.

S O N G L X .

T O C H L O E .

O Lovely Maid, how dear thy Pow'r !
At once I love, at once adore :
With Wonder are my Thoughts possess'd,
While softest Love inspires my Breast.

This

This tender Look, these Eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous Master thine :
 These Eyes with *Strepson's* Passion play,
 First make me love, and then betray ;
 First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine ;
 Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
 Was never in another's Pow'r ;
 Was never pierc'd by Love before.
 In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy ;
 Thou canst give Bliss, or Bliss destroy :
 And thus I've bound myself to Love,
 While Bliss or Misery can move ;
 While Bliss or Misery, &c.

O should I ne'er possess thy Charms,
 Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms :
 Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone :
 But like some discontented Shade,
 That wanders where its Body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam, with hollow Glare,
 Forever exil'd from my Fair ;
 Forever exil'd from my Fair.

SONG LXI.

The WATCHFUL LOVER.

OF ev'ry Sweet that glads the Spring,
 A Tribute to thy Charms I'll bring ;
 I'll imitate the busy Bee,
 To make a fragrant Crown for thee.

When

The WREATH.

71

When from the Plains we're chas'd away
By the fierce God that rules the Day,
I'll lead thee to the Shades and Streams,
To shield thee from his scorching Beams.

And when to Rest her Eyes incline,
Nor Light, nor they, no longer shine ;
The fairest Fleece of every Sheep,
My Love shall press in peaceful Sleep :
From all the Ills that Night invade,
I'll guard the dear, the beauteous Maid ;
My tender, faithful Care shall prove,
None watch so well as those that love.

SONG LXII.

The LOVER'S WISH.

WITH beauteous *Arminta* ranging,
Where balmy Fragrance breath'd around ;
Where various Odours, Colours changing,
Perfum'd and beautify'd the Ground.
I pluck'd a Rose, whose Sweets exhaling,
Diffus'd Ambrosia thro' the Air ;
Whose damask Blush the Eye regaling,
Court'd the Wishes of the Fair.

Soon as the blooming, captive Flow'r,
Was stolen from its lovely Bed,
I felt the Thorn's revenging Pow'r,
And thus to my *Arminta* said :
" Come, quickly come, and ease my Anguish ;
" Your gentle Hand to mine apply :
" On your Account in Pain I languish,
" To you I now for Succour fly."

With

With tender Haste, the Nymph directed
 A Needle to the wounded Part ;
 But, while she eas'd the Place affected,
 The Thorn was driven to my Heart.
 Since this, alas! is my Condition,
 And she can cure my Wound alone,
 May she continue my Physician,
 And to my Heart apply her own.

SONG LXIII.

The FAITHFUL LOVER.

HAD I but the Wings of a Dove,
 Enraptur'd I'd hasten away,
 And quickly repair to my Love,
 Whose Beauties enliven the Day.
 Bring soon from the Hamlets again,
 Ye Gods, her I ask for my Wife ;
 Without her I'm ever in Pain,
 And relish no Pleasure in Life.

Ah ! cruel Decree of hard Fate,
 To keep me so long from my Fair ;
 Come, pity my desolate State,
 And banish all Thoughts of Despair.
 With her, Oh ! what Scenes I enjoy
 Of Mirth and good Humour all Day :
 Such Blessings as never will cloy,
 Nor cease, till our Souls leave the Clay.

SONG

SONG LXIV.

AH! *Cloe*, thou Treasure, thou Joy of my Breast,
 Since I parted from thee I'm a Stranger to Rest:
 I fly to the Grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my Charmer, and long to return:
 The Fields all around me are smiling and gay;
 But they smile all in vain, for my *Cloe's* away:
 The Field and the Grove can afford me no Ease,
 But bring me my *Cloe*, a Desert will please,
 But bring me my *Cloe*, a Desert will please.

No Virgin I see that my Bosom alarms,
 I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with Charms;
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the Eye,
 These are not the Looks of my *Cloe*, I cry:
 These Looks, where bright Love, like the Sun, sits
 enthron'd,
 And, smiling, diffuses his Influence round:
 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my Charmer, amaz'd;
 Thus view'd thee with Wonder, and lov'd while I
 gaz'd,
 Thus view'd thee with Wonder, &c.

Then, then the dear Fair One was still in my Sight,
 It was Pleasure all Day, it was Rapture all Night;
 But now, by hard Fortune, remov'd from my Fair,
 In secret I languish, a Prey to Despair:
 But Absence and Torment abate not my Flame,
 My *Cloe's* still charming, my Passion the same;
 O! would she preserve me a Place in her Breast,
 Then Absence would please me, for I should be
 blest,
 Then Absence would please me, for I should be
 blest.

G

SONG

SONG LXV.

ASK if yon Damask Rose be sweet
 That scents the ambient Air;
 'Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
 If dear *Susanna's* fair?

Say, will the Vulture leave his Prey,
 And warble thro' the Grove?
 When wanton Linnets quit the Spray,
 Then doubt thy Shepherd's Love.

'The Spoils of War let Heroes share;
 Let Pride in Splendor shine:
 Ye Bards, unenvy'd Laurels wear,
 Be fair *Susanna* mine.

SONG LXVI.

PHILLIS has each enchanting Art
 That can the Soul ensnare;
 First wins her Lover's easy Heart,
 Then wracks him with Despair.

With tempting Looks and flatt'ring Smiles,
 Too soon a Conquest gains;
 Makes him a Slave to all her Wiles,
 Then leaves him in his Chains.

Imperious, she does tyrannize,
 And wounds each harmless Swain:
 First soothes his Hope with matchless Joys,
 Then gives eternal Pain.

Ye

Ye Youths, who han't already known
The Magick of her Eyes,
Be rul'd, and from the Enchantress run,
Lest you become her Prize.

The Hook does lie beneath the Bait ;
With Smiles she'll draw you on :
But soon you'll find, when 'tis too late,
You're by her Frowns undone.

S O N G L X V I I .

The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

W H A T have I done, ye Powers above,
To merit thus your Hate ?
Why will you force me from the Plains,
To live in odious State ?
Forgive me, Courtiers, if I flight
Your splendid Joys and you,
For, had you seen my *Cloe's* Charms,
You had been Shepherds too.

Oh ! she's the loveliest, sprightliest Lass,
That ever danc'd the Plain :
She is the Envy of each Nymph,
The Love of ev'ry Swain.
My *Cloe's* known above the rest,
(Tho' clad alike in Green)
As is among the Huntress-Train,
The Goddess, by her Mein.

Do not my Flocks, O ! Charmer, say,
 For their lost Master grieve ?
 Or does the Brook, now I'm away,
 It's wonted Musick give ?
 Say, does the well-known Oak remain
 Still faithful to my Flame,
 And on it's wounded Bark preserve
 My oft' sung *Cloe's* Name ?

Perhaps, e'er now, beneath it's Shade
 You sadly pensive lie,
 And, thinking on your *Colin's* Fate,
 You drop, at least, a Sigh ;
 Or silently, to vent your Grief,
 You to that Grove repair,
 Where I, you know, one Ev'ning made
 A Garland for your Hair.

Or else, perhaps, my *Cloe* walks,
 Some Rival by her Side,
 And, laughing, tells of our past Loves
 To feed his wanton Pride.
 O ! no ; forgive me such a Thought,
 For Nature ne'er design'd,
 That such a lovely Form should match
 With an inconstant Mind.

Methinks I hear you say, " Since you
 " My Constancy approve,
 " Why leave not you the noisy Court
 " For Innocence and Love : "
 Yes, *Cloe*, yes, if ever I
 My Liberty regain,
 I'll leave the Court, with all its Noise,
 And take the Crook again.

SONG

The WREATH.

SONG LXVIII.

The VISIT.

I Went to see my Dear, but she
No sooner saw my Face,
Than, in Disdain, she turn'd away,
And left me in a Maze.

I follow'd, ask'd her what might be
The Cause she us'd me so ?
She look'd upon me sullenly,
And, pouting, bid me go.

" Pox take your jilting Tricks, said I,
" Have I this Scorn deserv'd ?
" Have I done aught ? if not, then why
" Am I thus basely serv'd ?"

All in a Rage, I curs'd and swore,
To turn my Love to Hate ;
Resolv'd that I would never more
Come near the base Ingrate.

At that she cast a tempting Smile,
And shew'd me such new Charms,
I stood, to think upon't, awhile,
Then fled into her Arms.

SONG LXIX.

DAMON, for Love still meets Disdain;
The Nymph makes no Return ;
All she affords, to heal his Pain,
Is to reward with Scorn.

The

The more he begs she'd hear his Vows,
 The more she still denies ;
 The faster he her Steps pursues,
 She still the faster flies.

At length she leaves her hasty Flight,
 And turns to meet the Swain ;
 Surpriz'd she's now to find him sight,
 What he pursu'd with Pain.

My Crime, she cries, I see too late,
 I shew'd my Flame too soon ;
 If I had still repaid with Hate,
 I'd had him still my own.

Ye lovely Nymphs, in Time beware,
 Nor yield your Hearts too soon,
 Lest my unhappy Fate you share,
 And are, like me, undone.

SONG LXX.

WHY, *Delia*, when I tell the Pain
 Which I endure from thy Disdain,
 Art thou not touch'd at my Complaint ?
 Ah ! didst thou know the Pangs I feel,
 To what vast Height my Sorrows swell,
 For Pity you'd relent.

When at the glad Approach of Day,
 All Nature looks serene and gay,
 And the pleas'd Birds their Joys proclaim ;
 Then rising Grievs my Bosom rend,
 And ev'ry mournful Hour I spend,
 In sighing out thy Name.

Say,

Say, Charmer, can't this Torment move
That Heart, which seems averse to Love,
To grant some Ease to my Despair?
Say, must I hope no kind Return?
Must I with fruitless Passion burn?
And you as cruel be, as fair?

SONG LXXI.

WHILE I, fair *Delia*, view thy Face,
And ev'ry Charm admire,
Thy Eyes a thousand Raptures raise,
And burn me with Desire.

Transported thus, thou lovely Maid!
With Pleasure I gaze on,
'Till by my heedless Looks betray'd,
I'm unawares undone.

Thus the poor Wretch whose luckless Sight,
The fatal Serpent spies,
Looks on, and gazes with Delight,
But, as he gazes, dies.

SONG LXXII.

YES, I'm in Love, I feel it now,
And *Celia* has undone me;
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing Plague stole on me.
'Tis not her Face that Love creates,
For there no Graces revel;
'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates
Have rather been uncivil.

Tis

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common ;
 'Tis not her Sense, for that's but chat,
 Like any other Woman.
 Her Voice, her Touch, might give the Alarm,
 'Tis both perhaps, or neither :
 In short, 'tis that provoking Charm
 Of *Celia* altogether.

S O N G LXXIII.

BOAST not, mistaken Swain, thy Art
 To please my partial Eyes ;
 The Charms that have subdu'd my Heart,
 Another may despise.

Thy Face is to my Humour made,
 Another it may fright ;
 Perhaps, by some fond Whim betray'd,
 In Oddness I delight.

Vain Youth, to your Confusion, know
 'Tis to my Love's Excess,
 You all your fancied Beauties owe,
 Which fade as that grows less.

S O N G LXXIV.

TELL me, my *Delia*, tell me why
 My kindest, fondest Looks you fly ?
 What means that Frown upon thy Brow ?
 Have I offended ? tell me how ?

Some

Some Change has happen'd in thy Heart,
Some Rival there has stole a Part :
Reason those Fears may disapprove ;
But, Oh ! I fear-----because I love.

S O N G LXXV.

The too curious BEE.

AS *Celia* in her Garden stray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,
A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And rested on her Arm.

The curious Insect thither flew,
To taste the tempting Bloom ;
But, with a thousand Sweets in View,
It found a sudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand, of Life bereav'd
The darling little Thing ;
But first the snowy Arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting surprize ;
Once be injurious found :
Not so the Darts of *Celia's* Eyes,
They never cease to wound !

Oh ! would the short-liv'd, burning Smart,
The Nymph to Pity move,
And teach her to regard the Heart
She fires with endless Love !

S O N G

SONG LXXVI.

D E L I A.

WHEN yonder cooing Doves retire,
 And seem in am'rous Shackles bound,
 See, *Delia*, how the Flow'rs aspire,
 And shed delicious Fragrance round.
 Rais'd by the Spring, and nurs'd by Shade,
 They flourish sweetly to the Eye,
 But Autumn's hasting Chills invade,
 And their gay Beauties droop and die,
 And their gay Beauties droop and die.

A Flow'ret, *Delia*, are thy Charms,
 Which in Youth's joyous Season blows ;
 Like thy bright Eyes, thy iv'ry Arms,
 And Cheek, where shines the *Eden* Rose.
 But envious Time, with creeping Pace,
 Will on thy Fame seraphic prey,
 Despoil thee of each matchless Grace,
 And steal thee from thyself away,
 And steal thee, &c.

Wisely admonish'd by the Thought,
 Swift let us stop the whirling Hour ;
 Pleasures, as flying shou'd be caught,
 E'er Age deprive us of the Pow'r.
 Thee, Nature hath with Beauty blest,
 And bids thee multiply its Ray ;
 With too much Sense thou art possess'd
 Her blissful Call to disobey,
 Her blissful Call to disobey.

SONG

The WREATH.

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SONG LXXVII.

The SWAIN'S Resolution.

THO' form'd by the tend'rest Care of young
Love,

A wonderful Cluster of Charms you appear,
So sweet no *May* Morning, so gentle no Dove,
The Rose not so blooming, the Lilly so fair :
Yet nothing shou'd make me submit to your Chain,
For free I was born and as free will remain ;
For free I was born, &c.

Tho' Diamonds were sully'd when match'd with
your Eyes,

Tho' Ermine and Snow were disgrac'd by your
Skin ;

Your Soul too was lovely, enchanting and wise,
All Lustre without and all Sweetness within :
Yet nothing shall make me, &c.

Tho' black as the Jet, with a beautiful Twine,

Your delicate Tresses all wantonly flow'd ;

Your Shape was Perfection, your Air was di-
vine,

You spoke like an Angel and mov'd like a
God :

Yet nothing shou'd make me submit to your Chain,
For free I was born and as free will remain ;
For free I was born, &c.

SONG

SONG LXXVIII.

The WOUNDED LOVER.

TOO late for Redress, and too soon for my
 Ease,
 I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I cou'd please ;
 I fancy'd your Eyes read the Language of mine,
 And saw my Love's Image reflected on thine.
 The Flatterer Hope to my Ruin led on,
 And taught me to judge of your Heart by my own :
 Self-love to my Wish, was at Hand to persuade,
 That my Love was return'd, and my Friendship re-
 paid.

But wak'd from this Dream, 'tis with Anguish I
 find,
 Words and Looks were but civil, which once I
 thought kind ;
 Its Colour no longer false Fancy will lend,
 To form the fond Lover, or image the Friend :
 But be still, my poor Heart, or beat thee to Rest,
 I'll drive this Tormentor, this Love from my
 Breast :
 I'll break the gay Bauble my Fancy has made,
 And punish the Heart which Self-love has be-
 tray'd.

SONG LXXIX.

WHEN first by fond *Damon Flavella* was
 seen,
 He slightly regarded her Air and her Mien :
 The

The Charms of her Mind he alone did commend;
 Not warm'd, as a Lover; but cool, as a Friend.
 From Friendship, not Passion, his Raptures did
 move,
 And the Swain bragg'd his Heart was a Stranger to
 Love.

New Charms he discover'd, as more she was known;
 Her Face grew a Wonder, her Taste was his own:
 Her Manners were gentle, her Sense was refin'd,
 And, Oh! what dear Virtues beam'd forth in her
 Mind.

Yet still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove,
 Till a Sigh give the Omen, and shew'd it was Love.

Now proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the Fair;
 Grows dull to all Pleasure, but being with her:
 He's mute, while his Heart-strings are ready to break,
 For the Fear of offending forbids him to speak;
 And wanders, a willing Example, to prove
 That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love.

A Lover thus conquer'd, can ne'er give Offence;
 Not a Dupe to her Smiles, but a Slave to her Sense:
 His Passion, nor Wrinkles, nor Age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay;
 And Time, that will Beauty's short Empire re-
 move,
 Increasing her Reason, increases his Love.

SONG LXXX.

O Wouldst thou know what sacred Charms,
 This destin'd Heart of mine alarms,
 This destin'd Heart of mine alarms;

H

What

What kind of Nymph the Heav'ns decree,
 'The Maid that's made for Love and mē,
 'The Maid that's made for Love and me.

Who joys to hear the Sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender Tear,
 Who melts, &c.
 From each ungentle Passion free,
 O be the Maid that's made for me,
 O be the Maid, &c.

Whose Heart with gen'rous Friendship glows,
 Who feels the Blessings she bestows,
 Who feels, &c.
 Gentle to all, but kind to me,
 Be such the Maid that's made for me,
 Be such, &c.

Whose simple Thoughts devoid of Art,
 Are all the Natives of her Heart,
 Are all, &c.
 A gentle Train from Falshood free,
 Be such the Maid that's made for me,
 Be such, &c.

Avant, ye light Coquets, retire
 Where flatt'ring Fops around admire,
 Where flatt'ring, &c.
 Unmov'd your tinsel Charms I see,
 More genuine Beauties are for me,
 More genuine Beauties are for me.

SONG

SONG LXXXI.

BEAUTY'S POWER.

NATURE for Defence affords,
Fins to Fish, and Wings to Birds;
Hoofs to Horses, Claws to Bears;
Swiftness to the fearful Hares.

Man's endow'd with Art and Sense;
What have Women for Defence?
Beauty is their Shield and Arms;
Womens Weapons are their Charms.

Beauty's Power makes us feel,
Deeper Wounds than those of Steel;
Strength and Wit, before it fall,
Beauty triumphs over All.

SONG LXXXII.

POLLY.

SPRING renewing all Things gay;
Nature's Dictates all obey:
In each Creature we may see,
The Effect of *Love's* Decree:
Thus their State, such their Fate;
Do not, *Polly*, stay too late,
Do not, *Polly*, stay too late.

Look around, and see them play;
All are wanton while they may;

H 2

Why

Why should precious Time be lost ?
 After Summer comes a Frost :
 All pursue, Nature's Due ;
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
 Let us, *Polly*, &c.

Flowers all around us blowing ;
 Herds on ev'ry Meadow lowing :
 Birds on ev'ry Branch are wooing ;
 'Turtles all around us cooing :
 Hark ! they coo ; see, they woo ;
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
 Let us, *Polly*, &c.

Hark ! how kind that Swain and Lass,
 Yonder sitting on the Grass ;
 See, how earnestly he sues ;
 While she, blushing, can't refuse ;
 See yon too, how they woo ;
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
 Let us, *Polly*, &c.

Mark that Cloud above the Plain ;
 See, it seems to threaten Rain :
 Herds and Flocks do run together,
 Seeking Shelter from the Weather.
 Fear not you, I'll be true,
 Let us, therefore, do so too,
 Let us, therefore, do so too.

SONG LXXXIII.

POw'rful Guardians of all Nature,
 O, preserve my beauteous Love !
 Keep from Insult the dear Creature,
 Virtue sure has Charms to move.

SONG

THE WREATH.

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SONG LXXXIV.

The LOVER's Petition.

ASSIST me, *Cupid*, give me Wings,
To fly to *Celia's* Arms :
Her Voice, as when a Syren sings,
My frozen Blood alarms.

Come, *Celia*, haste, and ease the Smart,
Which those bright Eyes have made ;
Oh ! do not tantalize my Heart,
But haste and give me Aid.

Let's haste, my Love, and while we may,
The silent Hours employ ;
Nor mind what other Mortals say,
To fright us from our Joy.

Such who in *Hymen's* Courts ne'er rove,
Delights they Vices cail,
And stupid to the Sports of Love,
In Life scarce live at all.

On this soft, panting, snowy Breast,
Let me my Care beguile,
While you consent to make me blest,
And answer with a Smile.

SONG LXXXV.

FALSE tho' she be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er pursue Revenge ;
For still the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore the Change

H 3

In

In Hours of Bliss we oft have met ;
 They could not always last :
 And, tho' the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

SONG LXXXVI.

The ADDRESS.

TWIXT pleasing Hope and painful Fear,
 True Love divided lies ;
 With artless Look, and Soul sincere,
 Above all mean Disguise :
 For *Celia* thus my Heart is mov'd ;
 Accept it, lovely Fair ;
 I've lik'd before, but never lov'd,
 Then let me not despair.

My Fate before your Feet I lay ;
 Sentence your willing Slave :
 Remember tho' that Tyrants slay,
 And heav'nly Powers save :
 To bless is Heav'n's peculiar Grace ;
 Let me a Blessing find ;
 And, since you wear an Angel's Face,
 O, show an Angel's Mind !

SONG LXXXVII.

WHAT can assuage the Pain Man feels,
 When busy Cares disturb his Breast ;
 When modest Sense his Want conceals,
 With thousand Thoughts that bar his Rest ?

Can

Can Wine one gloomy Thought remove ?
 Can Titles, Wealth, or Might give Ease ?
 Can Woman's Charms, or Thoughts of Love,
 Recal his Soul, or Mind to Peace ?

No, no, they're trifling Pleasures all ;
 The Rich enjoy them but a Day ;
 Within their Breast they deign to call,
 Ne'er rest, but vanish soon away.

Content alone can make us sing,
 When wanton Fortune is unkind ;
 That sets a Wretch above a King,
 And quiets every ruffled Mind.

SONG LXXXVIII.

O H ! how could I venture to love one like thee,
 And you not despise a poor Conquest like me ?
 On Lords, your Admirers, you look'd with Disdain ;
 And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my Pain.
 You said, when they teiz'd you with Nonsense and
 Dress,
 Where real's the Passion, the Vanity's less :
 You saw thro' that Silence which others dispise ;
 And, while Beaux were prating, read Love in my
 Eyes.

Oh ! where is the Nymph, that like you, ne'er can
 cloy ;
 Whose Wit can enliven each dull Pause of Joy ;
 And, when the short Transport of Love's at an
 End,
 From passionate Mistress, turn sensible Friend ?
 When

When I see you I love you, but hearing adore ;
 I wonder, and think you a Woman no more ;
 Till mad with admiring, I cannot refrain,
 And kissing those Lips you turn Woman again.

With thee in my Bosom, how can I despair ?
 I'll gaze on thy Beauty, and look away Care :
 I'll ask thy Advice, when with Trouble oppress'd ;
 Which never displeases, but always is best.
 In all that I do I'll thy Judgment require,
 Thy Taste shall correct what thy Wit did inspire :
 Then I'll kiss and caress thee till Youth is all o'er,
 And then live on Friendship when Passion's no
 more.

SONG LXXXIX.

CUPID'S REFUGE.

LOVE, when he saw my *Fanny's* Face,
 With wond'rous Passion mov'd,
 Forgot the Care of human Race,
 And felt at last he lov'd :
 Then to the God of soft Desire,
 His Suit he thus address'd,
 I *Fanny* love, with mutual Fire
 O touch her tender Breast !

Your Sighs are hopeless, *Cupid* cries ;
 I lov'd the Maid before :
 What ! rival me ! the Pow'r replies,
 Whom Gods and Men adore.
 He grasp'd the Bolt, he shook the Springs
 Of his imperial Throne,
 While *Cupid* wav'd his rosy Wings,
 And in a Breath was gone.

O'er

O'er Earth and Seas the Godhead flew,
 But still no Shelter found ;
 For, as he fled, his Dangers grew,
 And Light'ning flash'd around :
 At last his trembling Fear impels
 His Flight, to *Fanny's* Eyes,
 Where happy, safe, and pleas'd he dwells,
 Nor minds his native Skies.

SONG XC.

The RECONCILIATIO

WITH Scorn repuls'd, poor *Damon* sou
 An unfrequented Grove ;
 To give a Loose to anxious Thought,
 And unrequited Love.
 With creeping Pace, and Arms across,
 He slowly, lagging mov'd ;
 Unable to support the Loss,
 Of what so dear he lov'd.

Delia, who lov'd with equal Flame,
 Now shar'd her *Damon's* Fate ;
 Resolv'd to save her dying Swain,
 But fears it is too late :
 His wand'ring Steps with Haste pursues,
 And *Damon*, *Damon* cries.
 Each Word and Feature plainly shews
 How vain her Coquetries.

The well-known Voice soon pierc'd his Ears ;
 His Spirits catch the Sounds ;
 His Eyes run o'er with joyful Tears,
 And Heart with Rapture bounds.

Eager

Eager he clasp'd the fainting Fair ;
 Who, fault'ring cry'd, I love.
 In close Embrace, the happy Pair,
 An equal Transport prove.

SONG XCI.

Fair BELLINDA.

WHEN mighty *Jove* survey'd Mankind,
 And saw *Bellinda* shine,
 Struck was the God, on Earth to find,
 A Creature so divine :
 Forthwith he call'd for *Cupid's* Arms,
 And ask'd a pow'rful Dart,
 To wound with Love those beauteous Charms,
 Which thus has smote his Heart.

Cupid approach'd, with trembling Wings,
 Unwilling to declare,
 That he from whom this Passion springs,
 Was Captive to the Fair.
 Enrag'd at this, the Godhead said,
 Know, tho' thou'rt God of Love,
 Yet of these Realms I reign the Head,
 And who dare rival *Jove* ?

Cupid, thus struck with deep Affright,
 Strait quits his native Skies ;
 And, to avoid *Jove's* pow'rful Might,
 He flew to *Bella's* Eyes :
 There basking lurks, nor heeds the God,
 Who rules and governs all ;
 Convinc'd that he, at *Bella's* Nod,
 A Sacrifice must fall.

Fir'd

Fir'd with Revenge, the God then swore,
 By high *Olympus*' Hill,
 That *Cupid* ne'er should ramble more,
 But stay with *Bella* still.
 Confin'd in her, he there remains,
 Ne'er to return again :
 Whilst she alone supremely reigns,
 Alike o'er Gods, as Men.

S O N G X C I L

Monsieur P A N T I N.

I Sing not of Battles, that now are to cease ;
 Nor carrols my Muse in the Praise of a Peace :
 To shew that she's oft in good Company seen,
 She humbly begs Leave to sing *Monsieur Pantin*.
 Examine all round, and at length you will own,
 His Likenesses daily are met with in Town :
 Then let me my Song undisturbed begin ;
 And shew all his Brothers to *Monsieur Pantin*.

And first, pray observe that strange Thing made for
 Shew,
 That Compound of Powder and Nonsense, a Beau ;
 So limber his Joints, and so strange is his Mien,
 That you cry, as he walks, look you there's a *Pan-*
tin.
 How oft have we heard that the Ladies love Change,
 And from one Entertainment to t'other will range ;
 In this they are constant, what Difference was seen,
 When they laid down the *Fribble*, and took the
Pantin ?

Then

The WREATH.

Then all the fair Lasses, who bloom like the Morn,
 Who seek not your Beauties by Art to adorn ;
 When I see on your Bosom this little Machine,
 I own, I am jealous of happy *Pantin*.
 Ye Youths who have Parts, tho' ye often wear Lace,
 No longer let Foplings your Merits disgrace,
 But attack the fair Maid with a resolute Mien,
 Till she clasps her young Lover, and burn her
Pantin.

SONG XCIII.

A S T R E A.

IN young *Astrea's* sparkling Eye,
 Resistless *Love* has fixt his Throne ;
 A thousand Lovers bleeding lie
 For her, with Wounds they fear to own.
 While the coy Beauty speeds her Flight
 To distant Groves, from whence she came ;
 So Light'ning vanishes from Sight,
 But leaves the Forest in a Flame.

SONG XCIV.

F L O R A.

A celebrated CANTATA.

R E C I T A T I V E

AS in the blooming Spring,
 When Birds were heard to sing,
 And *Philomel* began her tuneful Lay,
Flora appear'd new dress'd and gay,
 To taste the Sweets of her own *May* :

She

The WREATH.

97

She bid each springing Flow'r
It's ev'ry Charm disclose,
And all it's wanton Pow'r,
And thus address'd the blushing Rose.

A I R.

*Sweet Flow'r ! so like to pleasing Love,
How blest to Mortals must you prove !
How blest to Mortals must you prove !
The Maid shall wear your beauteous Hue ;
The Youth shall learn to love from you.
Sweet Flow'r ! so like to pleasing Love,
How blest to Mortals must you prove !
The Maid shall wear your beauteous Hue ;
The Youth shall learn to love from you ;
So fair, and full of Flora's Charms,
The Rose shall grace the Lover's Arms :
So fair, and full of Flora's Charms,
The Rose shall grace the Lover's Arms ;
Shall gra - - - - - ce ,
The Rose shall grace the Lover's Arms :
Shall grace ; shall grace ;
The Rose shall grace the Lover's Arms.*

R E C I T A T I V E .

She then the Lilly spy'd ;
The Violet, in all it's Pride ;
But sigh'd she could not lasting Beauty give :
Then smil'd, and bid them bloom again,
And ev'ry Year in Youth celestial live :
And in these Strains the Goddess fair began.

A I R.

*Flora shall lead the happy Year,
And you in all your Robes appear :*

I

And

*And every Maid and every Swain,
 In painted Vale and flow'ry Plain,
 Shall revel, dance, and sport, and play,
 And wanton in the Sweets of May :*
*And every Maid and every Swain,
 In painted Vale and flow'ry Plain,
 Shall revel, dance, and sport, and play,
 And wanton in the Sweets of May ;*
*Shall revel, dance, and sport, and play,
 And wanton in the Sweets of May,
 And wanton in the Sweets of May.*
*Shall revel, dance, and sport, and play,
 And wanton in the Sweets of May ;
 And wanton in the Sweets of May ;
 And wanton in the Sweets of May ;
 And wanton in the Sweets of May.*

SONG XCV.

JOCKEY and JENNY.

JOCKEY.

WHEN Jockey was blest with your Love and
 your Truth,
 Not on Tweed's pleasant Banks dwelt so blithsome a
 Youth ;
 With Jenny I sported it all the Day long,
 And her Name was the Burthen and Joy of my
 Song.

JENNY.

E'er Jockey had ceas'd all his Kindness to me,
 There liv'd in the Vale not so happy a She :
 Such Pleasures with Jockey, his Jenny had known,
 That she scorn'd in a Cot the fine Folks of the Town.

JOCKEY.

JOCKEY.

Ah! *Jockey*, what Fear now possesses thy Mind,
That *Fenny* so constant to *Willy's* been kind ;
When dancing so gay with the Nymphs on the
Plain,
She yielded her Hand and her Heart to the Swain.

FENNY

You falsely upbraid ; but remember the Day
With *Lucy* you toy'd it, beneath the new Hay ;
When alone with your *Lucy*, the Shepherds have
said,
You forgot all the Vows that to *Fenny* were made.

JOCKEY.

Believe not, sweet *Fenny*, my Heart stray'd from
thee ;
For *Lucy*, the Wanton's, a Maid still for me :
From a Lass that's so true, your fond *Jockey* ne'er
rov'd,
Nor once could forsake the kind *Fenny* he lov'd.

FENNY

My Heart for young *Willy* ne'er panted and sigh'd ;
For you, of that Heart, were the Joy and the Pride ;
While *Tweed's* Waters glide shall your *Fenny* be
true,
Nor love, my dear *Jockey*, a Shepherd like you.

FENNY

For Kindness no Youth can with *Jockey* compare.

JOCKEY.

No Shepherd e'er met with so faithful a Fair.

BOTH.

We'll love then, and live from fierce Jealousy free,
And none on the Plains shall be happy as we.

SONG XCVI.

I see it, *Mira*, know it well,
That Love is in your Heart ;
For what your 'Tongue denies to tell,
Your wishing Eyes impart.
When *Damon* wrestled on the Green,
For him your Wishes strove ;
And in each Look was plainly seen,
The partial Joy of Love.

When Conquest did his Prowess crown,
And gave the Lawrel-Prize ;
Reflected was the Triumph shewn,
And blazing in your Eyes.
When *Sukey* gave her Lilly Hand
To *Damon*, in the Dale ;
Say, cou'd you then your Tears command ?
Did not your Cheeks turn pale ?

If *Damon* strays but from your Sight,
You cry—" Sure Winter's near :"
If present, then 'tis gay Delight,
And Summer all the Year.
Then strive no more to cheat the Youth,
But kindly own the Flame ;
For Love consists of honest Truth,
And will itself proclaim.



SONG

SONG XC VII.

DID you see e'er a Shepherd, ye Nymphs, pass
this Way,
Crown'd with Myrtle, and all the gay Verdure of
May;

'Tis my Shepherd, Oh! bring him once more to
my Eyes,
From his *Lucy*, in Search of new Pleasures, he flies.
All the Day how I travell'd and toil'd o'er the
Plains,
In Pursuit of a Rebel that's scarce worth the Pains.

Take Care, Maids, take Care, when he flatters
and swears,

How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own
Ears;

Like the Rose-bud in *June*, ev'ry Hand he'll invite,
But wound the kind Heart like the Thorn out of
Sight.

And, trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
She'll find him a Conquest that's scarce worth her
Pains.

Three Months at my Feet did he languish and sigh,
E'er he gain'd a kind Word or a tender Reply;
Love, Honour, and Truth were the Themes that
he sung,

And he vow'd that his Soul was a Kin to his Tongue.
'Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his Strains,
And gave him too frankly my Heart for his Pains.

The Trifle once gain'd, like a Boy at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary and flung it away;

Now cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does
 fly,
 In Search of another as silly as I.
 But trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
 She'll find him a Conquest that's scarce worth her
 Pains.

Beware, all ye Nymphs, how ye sooth the fond
 Flame,
 And believe in good Time all the Sex are the same;
 Like *Strephon* from Beauty to Beauty they range,
 Like him they will flatter, dissemble and change.
 And do all we can, still this Maxim remains,
 That a Man, when we've got him, is scarce worth
 the Pains.

SONG. XCVIII.

Moderniz'd from CHAUCER.

FROM sweet bewitching Tricks of Love,
 Young Men your Hearts secure,
 Left from the Paths of Sense you rove,
 In Dotage premature,
 In Dotage premature.
 Look at each Lass thro' Wisdom's Glass,
 Nor trust the naked Eye:
 Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
 The Blind eat many a Fly,
 The Blind eat many a Fly.

Not only on their Hands and Necks
 The borrow'd White you'll find;
 Some Belles, when Interest directs,
 Can even paint the Mind,
 Can even paint, &c.

Joy

Joy in Distress they can express,
 Their very Tears can lye :
 Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a Spinster in the Realm
 But all Mankind can cheat,
 Down to the Cottage from the Helm,
 The Learn'd, the Brave, the Great,
 The Learn'd, &c.
 With lovely Looks, and golden Hooks,
 T' entangle us they try :
 Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with Ink the Ocean fill,
 Was Earth of Parchment made ;
 Was ev'ry single Stick a Quill,
 Each Man a Scribe by Trade,
 Each Man a Scribe by Trade.
 To write the Tricks of Half the Sex.
 Would suck that Ocean dry :
 Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
 The Blind eat many a Fly,
 The Blind eat many a Fly.

SONG XCIX.

A PANEGYRICK on the LADIES:

Being CHAUCER's Recantation for *The*
Blind eat many a Fly.

RECITATIVE.

OLD *Chaucer* once to this re-echoing Grove:
 Sung "Of the sweet bewitching Tricks of Love;"
 But soon he found he'd sullied his Renown,
 And arm'd each charming Hearer with a Frown:
 Then

Then self-condemn'd anew his Lyre he strung,
And in repentant Strains this Recantation fung.

A I R.

Long since unto her native Sky
Fled Heav'n-descended Constancy ;
Nought now that's stable's to be had,
The World's grown mutable and mad :
Save Women----they, we must confess,
Are Miracles of Steadfastness ;
And ev'ry witty, pretty Dame,
Bears for her Motto----*Still the same.*

The Flow'rs that in the Vale are seen,
'The white, the yellow, blue and green,
In brief Complexion idly gay
Still set with ev'ry setting Day ;
Dispers'd by Wind, or chill'd by Frost,
Their Odours gone, their Colour lost :
But what is true, tho' passing strange,
The Women never---fade or change.

The wise Man said that all was vain,
And Folly's universal reign ;
Wisdom its Vot'ries oft enthralls,
Riches torment, and Pleasure palls ;
And 'tis, good Lack, a gen'ral Rule,
That each Man soon or late's a Fool :
In Women 'tis th' Exception lies,
For they are wondrous, wondrous Wise.

This earthly Ball with Noise abounds,
And from its Emptiness it sounds ;
Fame's deaf'ning Din, the Hum of Men,
The Lawyer's Plea, the Poet's Pen :

But

But Women here no one suspects,
Silence distinguishes that Sex;
For, poor dumb Things! so meek's their Mould,
You scarce can hear 'em---when they scold.

C H O R U S.

An Hundred Mouths, an Hundred Tongues,
An Hundred Pair of Iron Lungs,
Five Herald's, and five Thousand Cryers,
With Throats whose Accent never tires,
Ten speaking Trumpets of a Size
Would Deafness with their Din surprize,
Your praise, sweet Nymphs, shall sing and say,
And those that will believe it---may.

S O N G C.

The TRIAL of CHAUCER'S GHOST.

Sung at Vaux-Hall immediately after the Recantation.

Miss N O R R I S.

THOU Traitor, who with the Fair Sex hast
made War,
Come hither, and hold up your Hand at the Bar:
By a Jury of Damsels you now must be try'd,
For having your Betters traduc'd and bely'd.

Miss S T E P H E N S O N.

How could'st thou such base Defamation devise,
And not have the Fear of our Sex in your Eyes!
Is all Decency gone---all Good-breeding forgot?
Speak, Varlet, and plead---Art thou guilty or not?

Mr.

Mr. LOWE.

Not guilty I plead---but submit to the Laws,
And with Pleasure I yield to these Fair Ones my
Cause ;

But still, that my Trial more just may appear,
Speak louder and faster, or how should I hear ?

Miss NORRIS.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm each bright Toast,
By the conjuring up of an old *English* Ghost ;
And made fustly *Chaucer*, without a Pretext,
Snarl posthumous Nonsense against the Fair Sex ?

Miss STEPHENSON.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm each bright Maid
With that Common-place Trash, that each Virgin
must fade ;

And without Fear or Wit, most assuming and bold,
Hast dar'd to suggest that we paint and we scold ?

Mr. LOWE.

For want of Experience, when I was but young,
Perhaps such strange Falshoods might drop from my
Tongue ;

But when I recanted for all my Sins past,
I thought I had made you Amends at the last.

Miss NORRIS.

I'll promise you, Friend, you shall duly be paid
For the ample Amends that you lately have made :
I find by your Shuffling the whole Charge is true,
So I bring you in guilty without more ado.

Miss

Miss STEPHENSON.

Ironical Wits, like Destroyers of Game,
When they hide in a Bush, 'tis to take surer Aim---
By his Shuffling I find too the whole Charge is true,
So I bring him in guilty as willing as you.

Mr. LOWE.

Convicted I stand, and submit to my Fate ;
And fain would repent, but I find it too late :
If Death then, alas ! is to be my Reward,
Why then I must die—but, by *Vote*, I'll die hard.

Miss STEPHENSON.

Since to Lengths so unbounded his Malice he carried,
To hang him were Kindness---

Miss NORRIS.

No, let him be married
To some musty old Maid, that's the De'il of a Shrew,
That will scold him---

Miss STEPHENSON.

And beat him,

Miss NORRIS.

And cuckold him too.

Both together.

To some musty old Maid, that's the De'il of a Shrew,
That will scold him, and beat him, and cuckold him
too.

SONG

SONG CI.

WOULD you the charming Queen of Love
 Invite with you to dwell?
 No Want your Poverty should prove,
 No State your Riches tell.

Both her and Happiness to hold,
 A middle State must please;
 They shun the House that shines with Gold,
 And that which shines with Grease.

SONG CII.

ON ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Grove,
 Along the Margin of each Stream,
 Dear conscious Scenes of former Love,
 I mourn, and *Damon* is my Theme:
 The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy Cave I fly,
 Where to my Swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing Goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy Steep they hung:
 The mossy Cave, the Goats remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling Vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known Shade;
 I weep, and kiss the bended Grass,
 Where Love and *Damon* fondly play'd:
 The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

From

From Hill, from Dale each Charm is fled,
 Groves, Flocks, and Fountains please no more ;
 Each Flow'r, in Pity, droops its Head,
 All Nature does my Loss deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithless Swain,
 Yet *Damon* still I seek in vain.

S O N G CIII.

Daphnis stood pensive in the Shade,
 With Arms across and Head reclin'd :
 Pale Looks accus'd the cruel Maid,
 And Sighs reliev'd his love-sick Mind :
 His tuneful Pipe all broken lay ;
 Looks, Sighs, and Actions seem'd to say,
 My *Cloe* is unkind.

Why ring the Woods with warbling Throats ?
 Ye Larks, ye Linnets, cease your Strains ;
 I faintly hear, in your sweet Notes,
 My *Cloe's* Voice, that wakes my Pains :
 Yet why should you your Song forbear ?
 Your Mates delight your Song to hear,
 But *Cloe* mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
 Dejected as the lonely Dove,
 Sweet Sounds broke gently thro' the Wood----
 I feel the Sound my Heart-strings move :
 'Twas not the Nightingale that sung ;
 No----'tis my *Cloe's* sweeter Tongue :
 Hark ! hark ! what says my Love ?

K

" How

" How foolish is the Nymph, she cries,
 " Who trifles with her Lover's Pain!
 " Nature still speaks in Woman's Eyes,
 " Our artful Lips were made to feign:
 " O *Daphnis*! *Daphnis*! 'twas my Pride,
 " 'Twas not my Heart thy Love deny'd;
 " Come back, dear Youth, again.

" As t'other Day my Hand he seiz'd,
 " My Blood with thrilling Motion flew;
 " Sudden I put on Looks displeas'd,
 " And hasty from his Hold withdrew:
 " 'Twas Fear alone, thou simple Swain;
 " Then hadst thou press'd my Hand again,
 " My Heart had yielded too.

" 'Tis true, thy tuneful Reed I blam'd,
 " That swell'd thy Lip and rosy Cheek:
 " Think not my Skill in Song defam'd,
 " That Lip should other Pleasures seek.
 " Much, much thy Musick I approve;
 " Yet break thy Pipe----for more I love,
 " Much more to hear thee speak.

" My Heart forebodes that I'm betray,
 " *Daphnis* I fear is ever gone:
 " Last Night with *Delia's* Dog he play'd;
 " Love by such Trifles first comes on.
 " Now, now, dear Shepherd, come away,
 " My Tongue would now my Heart obey:
 " Ah! *Cloe*, thou art won."

The

The WREATH.

III

The Youth stepp'd forth, with hasty Pace,
And found where, wishing, *Cloe* lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her Face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say:
At last, in broken Words, she cry'd,
"To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
"But I am lost To-day."

SONG CIV.

AS *Damon* stood, in pensive Mood,
Amanda chanc'd to pass:
Yet still he stood, like Log of Wood,
Nor saw the buxom Lass.
For him she burns, and soon returns,
Resolv'd to let him know
How dull he was, to let her pass,
She gave his Arm a Blow.

The Swain amaz'd, in Silence gaz'd
Awhile upon her Charms;
Then, bowing, said, "Ah! lovely Maid,
"Come to my longing Arms:
"When you, my Dear, pass'd by, I swear,
"On your bright Charms I thought;
"You must forgive, since, as I live,
"Twas you that caus'd the Fault."

SONG CV.

AH! *Stephen*, what can mean the Joy,
The eager Joy I prove,
When you each tender Art employ,
To win my Soul to Love?

K 2

So

So well your Passion you reveal,
 So top the Lover's Part,
 That I, with Blushes, own I feel
 A Rebel in my Heart.

Then take the Heart that pines to go,
 But see it kindly us'd ;
 For who such Presents will bestow,
 If this should be abus'd ?

SONG CVI.

Believe me, *Chloe*, and attend,
 (My Tale may make you more my Friend)
 Last Night, when Sleep had set me free
 From every other Care but thee,
 Methought at Morning's Dawn you came,
 Your Dress, your Air the very same :
 Surpriz'd, I had not what to say,
 But Words, at last, thus found their Way.

" What means this Visit, lovely Guest ?
 " Say, am I happy, or unblest ?
 " An Hour of Joy I ne'er can find,
 " While you're relentless and unkind :
 " Where-e'er the injur'd *Strepson* flies,
 " Your much-lov'd Image meets my Eyes ;
 " You haunt the Grove and chrystal Stream,
 " My Thought by Day, by Night my Dream.

" Long Time my faithful Vows I made,
 " No Kisses since those Vows repaid ;
 " And yet I fondly held my Chain,
 " With scarce a Smile to sooth my Pain.

" Just

" Just as you look severe or gay,
 " I hope or languish all the Day :
 " But fix a Period to my Care,
 " And take the soft complaining Air."

" I come, the gen'rous Fair reply'd,
 " To crown with Love the Truth I've try'd :
 " I scorn'd your Vows, and seem'd unkind,
 " For false are Men, and Vows are Wind ;
 " Yet dare believe a Shepherd true,
 " Who loves, who promises like you :
 " My Heart shall now your Pains repay,
 " And *Hymen* bind the Knot To-day."

S O N G CVII.

Strepson, when you see my fly,
 Why should that your Fears create ?
 Maids may be as often shy
 Out of Love, as out of Hate.
 When from you I fly away,
 'Tis because I fear to stay.

Did I out of Hatred run,
 Less would be my Pain and Care ;
 But the Youth I love, to shun !
 Who could such a Trial bear ?
 Who, that such a Swain did see,
 Who could love and fly like me ?

Cruel Duty bids me go,
 Gentle Love commands my Stay ;
 Duty's still to Love a Foe :
 Shall I this, or that, obey ?
 Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles ;
 That befriends, and this beguiles.

Ever by this chrystal Stream
 I could sit, and see thee sigh ;
 Ravish'd with this pleasing Dream,
 Oh ! 'tis worse than Death to fly :
 But the Danger is so great,
 Fear gives Wings instead of Feet.

If you love me, *Strepson*, leave me ;
 If you stay, I am undone :
 Oh ! you may with Ease deceive me ;
 Prithee, charming Boy, be gone :
 The Gods decree that we must part ;
 They have my Vow, and you my Heart.

S O N G C V I I I .

W H E N *Orpheus* went down to the Regions below,
 Which Men are forbidden to see,
 He tun'd up his Lyre, as old Histories show,
 To set his *Eurydice* free,
 To set his *Eurydice* free.

All Hell was astonish'd a Person so wise
 Should rashly endanger his Life,
 And venture so far----but how vast their Surprise,
 When they heard that he came for his Wife !
 When they heard, &c.

To find out a Punishment due to the Fault,
 Old *Pluto* had puzzled his Brain ;
 But Hell had not Torments sufficient he thought,
 So he gave him his Wife back again,
 So he gave him, &c.

But

But Pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his Heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in Reward of his Art ;
Such Power had Musick in Hell !
Such Power had Musick in Hell !

S O N G C I X.

THE Tempest now began to cease,
Serene the Sky appear'd ;
The Winds and Waves were all at Peace,
Not the least Noise was heard.

Adorn'd with each refulgent Ray
The setting Sun was seen,
And o'er the Surface of the Sea
Diffus'd a golden Glean ;

When *Sylvia* to the Shore retir'd,
Dejected laid along,
Thus sung, what Love and Grief inspir'd,
While Rocks repeat the Song :

" O were this Calm, this lucid Scene,
" An Emblem of my Breast !
" O would the Tempest cease within !
" I might again be blest.

" But Man ! vain, wicked, faithless Man !
" Has robb'd my Soul of Peace :
" With Flattery first the Wretch began,
" And won my Heart with Ease.

" I ; foolish

" I; foolish I! his Vows believ'd,
 " And thought them all sincere:
 " Be not the Fair by Men deceiv'd;
 " Oh! trust not what they swear.

" They smile, they weep, they sigh, they pray;
 " Wit, Eloquence, they use,
 " And every Art, for to betray,
 " And our fond Sex abuse.

" This I have found—but, Oh! too late!
 " Too late for my Repose!
 " For now I would, but cannot, hate
 " The Author of my Woes.

" Still in my Breast the Tyrant reigns,
 " And still he triumphs there:
 " Thus, thus oppress'd with endless Pains,
 " What can I, but despair?

Then rising, hopeless of Relief,
 Nor ling'ring long she stood;
 " Death, Death (she cry'd) shall end my Grief;
 And plung'd into the Flood.

S O N G CX.

C O M E here, ye Afflicted of ev'ry Degree,
 Leave, leave the dull Doctors, and hasten to me;
 As many as all the whole Faculty kill,
 And that's a bold Word now---I cure with my Pill.

Gout, Fever and Stone, all avoid my Approach,
 Who often stand Buff to a Duncie in his Coach!

The

The WREATH. 117

The toughest Disease cannot baffle my Skill,
And Death drops his Dart when I brandish my Pill.

Here lay down your Cares ; here a Remedy find !
This cures not the Body alone, but the Mind :
The Fop shall have Learning, the Fool Wit at Will ;
Nay, the Lawyer be honest——who tastes of my Pill.

It rubs up the Mem'ry, refreshes the Brain,
And helps the mad Knave to his Senses again :
The Poet remembers the Faults of his Quill,
And the Miser his Debts, when he swallows my Pill.

In short, 'tis a Wonder !——you've need of it all ;
Health and Sense to be bought, and the Price is but
small :

Give Six-pence a-piece, and I'll bring you no Bill ;
But go Home and be happy, by Means of my Pill.

Here buy it ; come buy, while it is to be had,
Or I'll freely bestow it at once on the Dead :
Your Fathers shall rise, and each cancel his Will ;
Then you'll wish, tho' in vain, that you'd purchas'd
my Pill.

S O N G CXI.

THE Women all tell me I'm false to my Lads,
That I quit my poor *Cloe*, and stick to my
Glas : .

But to you, Men of Reason, my Reasons I'll own ;
And if you don't like them, why, let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the Truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair ;
But

But Goodness and Charms in a Bumper I see,
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My *Cloe* had Dimples and Smiles I must own,
But tho' she could smile, yet in Truth she could
frown:

But tell me, ye Lovers of Liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a Frown in a Bumper of Wine?

Her Lillies and Roses were just in their Prime,
Yet Lillies and Roses are conquer'd by Time;
But in Wine from its Age such a Benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me my Love would in Time have been
cloy'd,

And that Beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in Wine I both Time and Enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let Murders, and Battles, and History prove
The Mischiefs that wait upon Rivals in Love:
But in drinking, thank Heaven, no Rival contends,
For the more we love Liquor, the more we are
Friends.

She too might have poison'd the Joy of my Life,
With Nurses, and Babies, and Squalling, and Strife;
But my Wine neither Nurses nor Babies can bring,
And a big-belly'd Bottle's a mighty good Thing.

We shorten our Days when with Love we engage;
It brings on Diseases, and hastens old Age:
But Wine from grim Death can its Victims save,
And keep our tatter'd Leg, when there's one in the
Grave.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever false to her Word,
She had left me—to get an Estate, or a Lord :
But my Bumper, regarding nor Title, nor Pelf,
Will stand by me while I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear *Cloe* no longer complain ;
She's rid of her Lover, and I of my Pain ;
For in Wine, mighty Wine, many Comforts I spy :
Should you doubt what I say——take a Bumper and
try.

SONG CXII.

ADVICE to CLOE.

Remember, dear *Cloe*, I told you awhile,
For once I would write in poetical Stile ;
In poetical Stile, to teach you the Way,
To make our Lives easy by Night and by Day.

Grave *Tully* and *Pliny* have aptly express'd,
What they to their Paramours often address'd ;
Let me then with *Glas* my Thoughts now unfold,
Extracted from Lovers and Sages of old.

If Ease be a Pleasure, if Pleasure be Peace,
We may our own Ease and our Pleasures increase :
First fathom thy Love then, and search into mine,
And if they are equal, then let us conjoin.

If one be uneasy, let t'other contrive
To drive away Chagrin, and keep Love alive ;
Constrain not each other, for Liberty's free,
And if I love a Glass, you know there is Tea.

But

But let not Excess, though, in either appear,
 For what stains a Moment may tinge the whole
 Year :

Then more than sufficient is certainly wrong ;
 And, save this Precaution, a Fig for my Song.

SONG CXIII.

WHEN *Delia* shews her beauteous Face,
 Her Form divine, her heav'nly Air ;
 Lost in Amaze, I wond'ring trace,
 With longing Eyes, the charming Fair.

But when she sings, ye Pow'rs divine,
 What soft Emotions seize my Soul !
 Angels might in the Chorus join,
 And spread her Notes from Pole to Pole.

With janty Air, and artful Wheels,
 If *Delia* swims the mystic Maze,
 My Soul the Pow'r of Beauty feels,
 Which graceful Motion more displays.

But when she takes a nobler Theme,
 And paints out Love in Strains so just,
 My Thoughts beat Unison to them ;
 'Tis then my Soul is wholly lost.

SONG

The WREATH.

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SONG CXIV.

The BLUNDERERS.

YOUNG *Civiana*, gay and fair,
Known for her Wit and well-bred Air,
A Visit made one Day ;
Where *Cymon*, with an aukward Mien,
Unluckily for him, came in,
His Folly to betray !

He bow'd and scrap'd, ne'er took his Chair,
But wou'd all round salute the Fair,
Not only those he knew,
The Visited ; but the gay Belle,
The Visiter, Ah ! Shame to tell !
The Blockhead kiss'd her too.

And what was worse, or was as bad,
'The rest, by his Example led,
Repeated the Affront :
The Lass did her Resentment shew,
She snapt her Fan, she bent her Brow :
Such Rudeness, fye upon't !

Fair One, while thus your Anger burns,
If *Cymon* to the Place returns,
As soon, no doubt, he will ;
Be there with twenty Virgins more,
For Kisses three inflict threescore,
But can't use him to ill.

L

Do,

Do, at the self-same Time and Place,
 That all may witness his Disgrace,
 Repeat the Punishment :
 With throbbing Heart, the guilty Clown,
 Shall your impartial Justice own,
 And ——— sit him down content.

S O N G CXV.

THE Nymph who does my Soul alarm,
 Possesses in her Bosom,
 A Mind whose Pow'r preserves the Charm,
 Of Youth's endearing Blossom.
 Such Worth must fix the Heart and Eye,
 Each frozen Breast inspiring,
 With such substantial, lasting Joy,
 To live and die admiring.

When absent from my Charmer's Sight,
 Inferior Nymphs carressing,
 I taste a transient, faint Delight,
 Which palls in the possessing :
 But, in the Heav'n of *Livia's* Arms,
 My ravish'd Fancy traces,
 Exhaustless Pleasures, endless Charms,
 And never fading Graces.

S O N G CXVI.

Nature for thee has call'd her Store,
 Then why should'st thou, fond Maid,
 Attempt to make thy Beauty more,
 In borrow'd Charms array'd.

The

The radiant Plumes no more delight,
Nor once our Thought employ ;
Whilst thy own native Charms excite,
Our Wonder and our Joy.

Believe me, Nymph, their Glories fade,
Plac'd near thy brighter Eyes ;
Brilliant on you appear decay'd,
On others they'd surprize.

Since then Heaven deck'd, you win all Hearts,
Make Dress no more your Care ;
To meaner Beauties leave those Arts,
Which you so well can spare.

SONG CXVII.

Wherever I'm going, and all the Day long,
At Home and Abroad, or along in a Throng,
I find that my Passion's so lively and strong,
That your Name when I'm silent still runs in my
Song,

*Sing Balin a mona ora, Balin a mona ora, Balin a mona
ora,*

A Kiss of your sweet Lips for me.

Since the first Time I saw you I take no Repose,
I sleep all the Day to forget Half my Woes ;
So hot is the Flame in my Bosom that glows,
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn through my
Cloaths,

Sing Balin a mona ora, &c.

Your pretty black Hair for me.

In my Conscience I fear I shall die in my Grave,
Unless you comply and poor Pbelim will shave,

And grant the Petition your Lover does crave,
 Who never was free 'till you made him your Slave,
Sing Balin a mona ora, &c.
 Your pretty black Eyes for me.

On that happy Day when I make you my Bride,
 With a swinging long Sword how I'll strut and I'll
 stride?

With Coach and Six Horses with Honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the Church by your Side,
Sing Balin a mona ora, Balin a mona ora, Balin a mona
 ora,

Your lilly white Fist for me.

SONG CXVIII.

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
 Be warn'd and instructed by me;
 Tho' small Experience I've had,
 I'll give you good Counsel, and free:
 The Women are changeable Things,
 And seldom a Moment the same;
 As Time a Variety brings,
 Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But he who in Love would succeed,
 And his Mistress's Favour obtain,
 Must mind it as sure as his Creed,
 To make Hay while the Sun is serene:
 There's a Season to conquer the Fair,
 And that's when they're merry and gay:
 To catch the Occasion take Care;
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll assay.

SONG

SONG CXIX.

THO' cruel Fate my Wish denies,
And shuts thee from my longing Eyes,
The glad Remembrance of thy Charms,
My Heart with tend'rest Transport warms,
And leaves thine Image in my Breast,
With Mark indelible imprest.

Tho' all the Pow'rs around us join
To shake thy Love, or alter mine;
Tho' Nature change her wonted Course,
And filial Tears should lose their Force;
Tho' tend'rest Parents Tyrants prove,
Yet still, my *Mira*, still I'd love.

Tho' Av'rice (cursed Bane of Peace)
Should keep me from my Happiness,
Yet still my Love should follow thee,
From ev'ry base Suspicion free:
My Heart should adverse Fate defy,
And triumph in thy Constancy.

Tho' all the num'rous Train of Woes
That Love inflicts, or Absence knows,
Should be my Lot; and made compleat
By this the last, but heaviest Weight;
Bar up each Avenue, and deny
The poor Indulgence of a Sigh.

Should any dare the Hand of Heav'n,
To force you were no Vows are giv'n,
Yet still I'd keep my Prize in View,
Would still my leading Star pursue;

In artless Numbers make my Moan,
And thus pursue thee, tho' unknown.

Oh ! *Love*, instruct her willing Eyes,
To trace me thro' this dark Disguise,
To view my Passion, void of Art,
And all the Meltings of my Heart :
Then her own Sufferings will incline,
By Sympathy, to think on mine.

SONG CXX.

Forgive, thou fairest of thy Kind,
Forgive thy wretched Swain ;
Who, while thy Charms distract his Mind,
Presumes to tell his Pain :
While others Beauties I rever'd,
Amusement 'twas to me ;
For still some kind Defect appear'd,
And I again was free.

With Wonder *Sylvia's* Eyes I view'd,
But felt not long the Smart ;
For, when I found the sullen Prude,
I soon recall'd my Heart.
I bless'd her Voice, when *Sappho* sung ;
Can only Musick kill ?
Pastora's Beauty pleaded strong,
But Wit was wanting still.

Thou, *Celia*, only art design'd,
To keep a Lover true ;
Thy ev'ry Charm of Face and Mind,
Must ev'ry Heart subdue.

To

The WREATH.

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To some a beauteous Form is given ;
To others Wit or Air :
But thou, O why so partial Heaven !
Do'st all together share.

SONG CXXI.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal Shell,
To Hills and Dales my Passion tell,
A Flame which Time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my *Peggy*.
Far greater Bards the Lyre shou'd hit,
For say what Subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling Wit
And Bloom of lovely *Peggy* ?

The Sun first rising in the Morn,
That paints the Dew-bespangled Thorn,
Does not so much the Day adorn,
As does my lovely *Peggy*.
And when, in *Thetis'* Lap to rest,
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West,
He's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely *Peggy*.

When Zephyr on the Vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the Damask Rose,
It does not Half the Sweets disclose,
As does my lovely *Peggy*.
I stole a Kiss the other Day,
And trust me, (nought but Truth I say)
The Fragrance of the blooming *May*
Is not so sweet as *Peggy*.

Were

Were she array'd in rustic Weed,
 With her the bleating Flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon my oaten Reed,
 To please my lovely *Peggy*.
 With her a Cottage wou'd delight ;
 All's happy when she's in my Sight,
 But when she's gone 'tis endless Night,
 All's dark without my *Peggy*.

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r shall rove,
 And Linnets warble thro' the Grove,
 Or stately Swans the Waters love,
 So long shall I love *Peggy*.
 And when Death with his pointed Dart
 Shall strike the Blow that rives my Heart,
 My Words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely *Peggy*.

SONG CXXII.

MUSIC, how powerful is thy Charm ?
 That can the fiercest Grief disarm ;
 Calm Passions in a ruffled Breast,
 And lull e'en Jealousy to rest ;
 With am'rous Thoughts the Soul inspire,
 Or kindle up a warlike Fire.
 So great is Music's Pow'r !

Amphion, with his tuneful Lyre,
 Cou'd Rocks remove and Stones inspire,
 Command a City to arise,
 Make lofty Buildings touch the Skies,

While

While Stones obedient to his Call
Harmonious mov'd, and form'd a Wall.
So great, &c.

Arion, from his Vessel cast,
In Safety o'er the Billows past ;
For mounting like the Ocean's God,
Upon a Dolphin's Back he rode,
While Shoals of Fishes flock'd around,
And pleas'd drank in th' enchanting Sound.
So great, &c.

When *Orpheus* thro' Hell's dreary Coast
Was seeking for his Consort lost,
His Music drew the Ghosts along,
And Furies listen'd to his Song ;
His Song cou'd *Charon's* Rage disarm,
And *Pluto* and his Consort charm.
So great, &c.

Inflam'd by Music, Soldiers fight ;
Inspir'd by Music, Poets write :
Music can heal the Lover's Wound,
And calm fierce Rage by gentle Sound :
Philosophy attempts in vain
What Music can with Ease attain.
So great is Music's Pow'r !

S O N G CXXIII.

CHASTE *Lucretia*, when you left me,
You of all that's dear bereft me,
Tho' I shew'd no Discontent :
Grief is strongest,
And the longest,
When too great to find a Vent.

How

How much fiercer is the Anguish,
 When we most in Secret languish !
 Silent Streams are deepest found :
 Noisy grieving
 Is deceiving ;
 Empty Vessels make most Sound.

Had I Words that cou'd reveal it,
 Yet I wisely wou'd conceal it,
 Tho' the Question be but fair :
 Grief and Merits,
 Love and Spirits;
 Always lose by taking Air.

Guardian Angels still defend you,
 And surprizing Joys attend you,
 Whilst I'm like the Winter Sun,
 Faintly shining,
 And declining,
 Till thy charming Spring return.

SONG CXXIV.

COME, take your Glass, the Northern Lass,
 So prettily advis'd ;
 I drank her Health, and really was
 Agreeably surpriz'd :
 Her Shape so neat, her Voice so sweet,
 Her Air and Mien so free ;
 The *Siren* charm'd me from my Meat,
 But take your Drink, said she.

If from the North such Beauty came,
 How is it that I feel
 Within my Breast that glowing Flame
 No Tongue can e'er reveal?
 Tho' cold and raw the North Wind blow,
 All Summer's on her Breast;
 Her Skin is like the driven Snow,
 But Sunshine all the rest.

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,
 Tho' frozen now it seems;
 That Joy with Pain be equal felt,
 And balanc'd in Extremes:
 Then, like our genial Wine, she'll charm
 With Love my panting Breast;
 Me, like our Sun, her Heart shall warm,
 Be Ice to all the rest.

S O N G CXXV.

KIND God of Sleep, since it must be
 That we resign some Hours to thee,
 Invade me not whilst the full Bowl
 Glows in my Cheeks, and warms my Soul:
 Then only I thy Aid implore,
 When I can laugh and drink no more;
 Short, very short, be then thy Reign,
 I haste to laugh and drink again.

But, Oh! if melting in my Arms,
 The Nymph ador'd, with all her Charms,
 In some soft Dream shou'd me surprize,
 And grant what waking she denies;
 Then, gentle Slumber, prithee stay,
 And slowly, slowly bring the Day:

If Fancy can such Bliss bestow,
Who wou'd not be deluded so ?

S O N G CXXVI.

WHY, cruel Creature, why so bent
To vex a tender Heart ?
To Gold and Title you relent,
Love throws in vain his Dart.

Let glitt'ring Fools in Courts be great,
For Pay let Armies move ;
Beauty shou'd have no other Bait,
But gentle Vows and Love.

If on those endless Charms you lay
The Value that's their Due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay ;
A Thousand Worlds too few.

But if a Passion without Vice,
Without Disguise or Art,
Ah, *Cælia* ! if true Love's your Price,
Behold it in my Heart.

S O N G CXXVII.

WHILE *Strepson* on fair *Chloe* hung,
And gently woo'd, and sweetly sung ;
The Nymph, in a disdainful Air,
Thus smiling mock'd the Shepherd's Care :

Swain, I know that you discover
In my Form a Thousand Charms ;
Can you point me out a Lover
Worthy my encircling Arms ?

Boy,

The WREATH.

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Boy, no more approach my Beauty,
Till you equal Merit boast ;
To adore me is a Duty,
Thousands witness to their Cost.

Stung to the Heart, the redd'ning Swain
On the vain Maid retorts again :

Foolish Creature, did each Feature
Bloom beyond the Pride of Nature,
Artful feigning, coy disdaining,
Vain Coquer, destroy them all ;
Go, o'er-bearing, proud, insnaring,
Lay a Thousand Fops despairing ;
Then complying, sighing, dying,
To some Fool a Victim fall.

Nymphs like you, while they're deceiving,
Angels all in Front appear ;
But the Sot their Arts believing,
But the Sot their Arts believing,
Finds the Devil in the Rear.

S O N G CXXVIII.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one Thing I beg of kind Heav'n to grant,
Is a Mind independent and free.

With Passions unruffled, untainted with Pride,
By Reason my Life let me square :
The Wants of my Nature are cheaply suppl'y'd,
And the rest are but Folly and Care.

M

The

The Blessings, which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
 While sweet Meditation and chearful Content
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the Pleasures the great Man's Possessions display,
 Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part ;
 For ev'ry fair Object my Eyes can survey
 Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly, through infinite Trouble and Strife,
 The Many their Labours employ !
 Since all that is truly delightful in Life,
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

S O N G CXXIX.

WHEN Night had set the World to Rest,
 And Mortals Cares appeas'd,
 Strait was my longing faithful Breast
 With *Calia's* Image seiz'd.
 Sad she appear'd, yet smiling too ;
 Willing, and yet afraid :
 She blush'd, and knew not what to do,
 But thus she sighing said :

“ Cease, *Strepson*, cease, it must not be,
 “ In vain you weep and sigh ;
 “ Talk not of Love or Flames to me,
 “ For I must still deny :
 “ Do but this wither'd Rose-bud see,
 “ How dead it does appear ;
 “ Before 'twas gather'd from the Tree,
 “ You thought it fresh and fair.

“ False

- " False Men, with studied treach'rous Arts,
 " Fond Innocence betray ;
 " They talk of Charms, and Flames, and Darts,
 " But mean not what they say.
 " Yet, Ah ! could *Strephon* faithful prove,
 " And constant to these Charms :"
 " No more, said I, no more, my Love,"
 And clasp'd her in my Arms.

S O N G CXXX.

SWEET are the Charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the Damask Rose;
 Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,
 Gentle as Air when *Zephyr* blows ;
 Refreshing as descending Rains,
 To Sun-burnt Climes and thirsty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
 Or as the Dial to the Sun ;
 Constant as gliding Waters roll,
 Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon ;
 From ev'ry other Charmer free,
 My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues :
 Sweet *Philomel* in shady Bow'rs
 Of verdant Spring her Notes renews :
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,
 And vary as the Seasons rise ;
 As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
 Summer th' approach of Autumn flies :
 No change in Love the Seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
 Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow ;
 Ev'n Marble Tow'rs, and Walls of Brass,
 In his rude March he levels low :
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
 To mingle with the Bless'd above ;
 Where, known to all his kindred Train,
 He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love, and his Sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin-born, from Heav'n together came :
 Love will the Universe controul,
 When dying Seasons lose their Name :
 Divine Abodes shall own his Pow'r,
 When Time and Death shall be no more.

S O N G CXXXI.

ASK me not how calmly I,
 All the Cares of Life defy ;
 How I baffle human Woes,
 Woman, Woman, Woman knows.

You

You may live and laugh as I :
 You, like me, may Care defy ;
 All the Pangs the Heart endures,
 Woman, Woman, Woman cures.

Ask me not of empty Toys,
 Feats of Arms and drunken Joys ;
 I have Pleasure more divine,
 Woman, Woman, Woman's mine.
 Raptures more than Folly know,
 More than Fortune can bestow ;
 Flowing Bowls and conquer'd Fields,
 Woman, Woman, Woman yields.

Ask me not of Woman's Arts,
 Broken Vows, and faithless Hearts ;
 Tell the Wretch that pines and grieves,
 Woman, Woman, Woman lives.
 All Delights the Heart can know,
 More than Folly can bestow ;
 Wealth of Worlds, and Crowns of Kings,
 Woman, Woman, Woman brings.

S O N G CXXXII.

T WAS in the Bloom of *May*,
 When Odours breathe around ;
 When Nymphs are blythe and gay,
 And all in Mirth abound ;
 That happily I stray'd,
 To view my fleecy Care :
 Where I beheld a Maid,
 No Mortal e'er so fair.

M 3.

She

She wore upon her Head,
 A Bonnet made of Straw,
 Which such a Face did shade,
 As *Phæbus* never saw ;
 Her Locks of Nut-brown Hue,
 A round-car'd Coif conceal'd ;
 Which to my pleasing View,
 A sporting Breeze reveal'd.

Around her slender Waiste,
 A Scrip embroider'd hung ;
 A Lute her Fingers grac'd,
 Accompany'd with her Tongue ;
 With such a pleasing Note,
Cuzzoni might regale,
 Or *Philomela's* Throat,
 That warbles thro' the Vale.

Not long I stood in View,
 Struck with her heav'nly Air ;
 I to the Charmer flew,
 And caught my yielding Fair.
 Hear this, you scornful *Belles*,
 And milder Ways pursue ;
 She that in Charms excels,
 Excels in Kindness too.

S O N G CXXXIII.

ATTEND, ye ever tuneful Swains,
 That in melodious lulling Strains,
 Of *Chloe* sing or *Phillis*.
 Tho' weak my Skill, tho' rude my Verse,
 Upbraid me not whilst I rehearse,
 The Charms of *Polly Willis*.

The

Tho' languid I, and poor in Thought,
No Simile shall here be brought,
From Roses, Pinks, or Lillies.
Some meaner Beauties they may hit,
But sure no Simile can fit,
The Charms of *Polly Willis*.

A Simile to match her Hair,
Her lovely Forehead high and fair,
Beyond my greatest Skill is ;
How then, ye Gods ! can be exprest,
The Eyes, the Lips, the heaving Breast,
Of charming *Polly Willis*.

She's not like *Venus* on the Flood,
Or as she once on *Ida* stood,
Nor mortal *Amarillis* ;
Frame all that's lovely, bright and fair,
Of pleasing Shape, and killing Air ;
And that is *Polly Willis*.

Tho' Time her Charms may wear away,
All Beauty must in Time decay ;
Yet in her Pow'r there still is,
A Charm which shall for Life endure,
I mean the spotless Mind and pure
Of charming *Polly Willis*.

S O N G CXXXIV.

MY *Delia*, unveil those bright Eyes,
And view the Delights of the Spring ;
The Sun has illumin'd the Skies ;
The Sky-Lark is now on the Wing :

The

The Shepherds their Cottages leave,
 And *Zephyr* soft Gales does disclose ;
 Then some of the Odours receive,
 Which *Flora* now kindly bestows.

Tho' Beauties around me do throng,
 And Flowers now gayly appear ;
 Regardless I still pass along,
 They charm not till *Delia* is here :
 Then, beauteous *Delia*, arise,
 And haste with your *Strophon* away ;
 Inspect both the Earth and the Skies ;
 The Wonders of Nature survey.

S O N G CXXXV.

FLY, Care, to the Winds, thus I blow thee away ;
 I'll drown thee in Wine, if thou dar'st but to stay :
 With Bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll raise,
 I'll laugh, and I'll sing, all the rest of my Days.

Great *Bacchus* this Moment adopts me his Son,
 And brightens my Fancy with Transports unknown :
 The sparkling Liquor new Vigour supplies,
 And makes the Nymph kind who before was too
 wise.

Then, dull sober Mortals, be happy with me ;
 Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree,
 Will open your Eyes to see *Phyllis*'s Charms,
 And, her Coyness wash'd down, she will fly to your
 Arms.

S O N G

The WREATH.

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SONG CXXXVI.

The ROVER First.

MY youthful Heart, an easy Prize,
Was first enslav'd by *Sally's* Eyes,
With ev'ry Glance enchanted :
And, tho' the Rapture fir'd my Soul,
With awkward Air each Kiss I stole,
Nor knew the Bliss I wanted.

To Study then I flew for Aid,
But there too soon soft Thoughts invade,
And taint my Inclinations.
Why did ye, Gods, such Warmth impart ?
Why form my unresisting Heart
A Slave to all the Passions ?

Doom'd still a Dupe to giddy Love,
False *Sukey's* Charms I needs must prove,
And rush'd to my Undoing ;
For, Oh ! too soon the gentle Flame,
A wild, destructive Fire became,
And hurry'd me to Ruin.

Then Short and Tall, and Brown and Fair,
By Turns, my am'rous Moments share,
Unfix'd as *April* Weather :
Nor wou'd my Heart submit t' entreat
A single Nymph, but proudly beat
For all the Sex together.

At length I *Jenny* chanc'd to see,
Like gentle Nature fair and free,

And

And was again unhearted :
 To her the little Flutt'rer flew,
 And grafted to her Bosom grew,
 Nor can from thence be parted.

SONG CXXXVII.

'TILL t'other Day my Heart was free,
 But now it wears a Chain ;
 Then, *Gloe*, as I sigh for thee,
 Let me not sigh in vain.
 For thee a Garland I will braid,
 And deck thy lovely Brow ;
 Then shalt thou say, O ! charming Maid,
 Thy *Damon* is most true.

With thee I'll feed our fleecy Care,
 And trip it o'er the Plain ;
 And, when the Gloom of Night draws near,
 Thou shalt reward my Pain :
 In Extacy we'll pass the Night,
 And both in one be blest ;
 Each Moment taste a new Delight,
 Then sink, and die to Rest.

SONG CXXXVIII.

ROGER of the Dale.

YE gentle Winds that fan the Sea,
 And wave the fragrant Bower,
 Bear hence my Sighs, and haste to me
 The Swain whom I adore.

In

In vain fair *Flora* spreads her Charms
O'er ev'ry Hill and Vale,
While absent from my longing Arms
Is *Roger* of the Dale.

Let wanton Nymphs and Swains employ,
In sensual Love, their Days ;
While I my darling Youth enjoy
In Virtue's smiling Rays.
Take all the false Delights of Courts,
Each glitt'ring Beau and Belle ;
Give me, with harmless rural Sports,
My *Roger* of the Dale.

S O N G CXXXIX.

VAIN is ev'ry fond Endeavour
To resist the tender Dart,
For Examples move us never,
We must feel, to know the Smart.
When the Shepherd swears he's dying,
And our Beauty sets to View,
Vanity, her Aid supplying,
Bids us think——'tis all our Due.

Softer than the vernal Breezes,
Is the mild, deceitful Strain ;
Frowning Truth our Sex displeases,
Flatt'ry never sues in vain.
Soon, too soon, the happy Lover,
Will our tend'rest Hopes deceive ;
Man was form'd to be a Rover,
Foolish Woman to believe.

SONG CXL.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
 That *Gloe's* false and common ;
 I always knew, at least believ'd,
 She was a very Woman :
 As such I lik'd, as such carels'd,
 She still was constant when possess'd ;
 She cou'd do more for no Man.

But, Oh ! her Thoughts on others ran,
 And that you'll think a hard Thing ;
 Perhaps she thinks yourself the Man,
 And what care I one Farthing.
 You say she's false ; I'm sure she's kind ;
 I take her Body, you her Mind,
 Who has the better Bargain ?

SONG CXLI.

TO thee, O gentle Sleep ! alone
 Is owing all our Peace ;
 By thee our Joys are height'ned shown ;
 By thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph whose Hand, by Fraud or Force,
 Some Tyrant has possess'd ;
 By thee obtaining a Divorce,
 In her own Choice is blest.

O stay ! *Arpasia* bids thee stay,
 The sadly weeping Fair,
 Conjures thee not to lose in Day,
 The Object of her Care.

To

To grasp whose pleasing Form she sought,
That Motion chas'd her Sleep :
Thus, by ourselves, are oft'nest wrought,
The Griefs for which we weep.

SONG CXLII.

THE Pride of ev'ry Grove I chose,
The Violet sweet, and Lilly fair,
The dappled Pink, and blushing Rose,
To deck my charming *Glee's* Hair.
At Morn the Nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath :
The Flow'rs, less blooming than her Face,
The Scent, less fragrant than her Breath.

The Flow'rs she wore along the Day,
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,
That in her Hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native Bed.
Undress'd at Evening, when she found
Their Odours past, their Colours lost ;
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
Her Garland, and her Eye she cast.

That Eye drop'd Sense, distinct and clear
As any Muses Tongue could speak ;
When, from its Lid, a pearly Tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek.
Dissembling what I knew too well,
" My Love ! my Life ! said I, explain
" That Change of Humour ? prithee tell,
" That falling Tear, what can it mean ?"

N

She

- She sigh'd, she smil'd, and to the Flowers
 Pointing, the lovely Mor'list said,
 " See, Friend, in some few fleeting Hours,
 " See yonder, what a Change is made !
 " Ah ! me, the blooming Pride of *May*,
 " And that of Beauty are but one ;
 " At Morn, both flourish bright and gay ;
 " Both fade at Evening, pale and gone.
- " At Dawn, poor *Stella* danc'd and sung,
 " The am'rous Youths around her bow'd ;
 " At Night, her fatal Knell was rung ;
 " I saw, and kiss'd her in her Shroud.
 " Such as she is, who dy'd To-day.
 " Such I, alas ! may be To-morrow :
 " Go, *Damon*, bid thy Muse display,
 " The Justice of thy *Cleo's* Sorrow."

SONG CXLIII.

O ! Pity *Colin*, cruel Fair,
 Think on his Sighs and Tears :
 His Sighs, regardless as the Air,
 And without Hope, his Tears.
Colin was once the happiest Swain,
 That e'er in *Albion* dwelt ;
 He laugh'd at Love, and mock'd at Pain,
 Love's Pangs he ne'er had felt.

The neighb'ring Nymphs had often try'd,
 With Love, to lure the Swain ;
 But he as oft' their Suit deny'd ;
 For Love, return'd Disdain :

But,

But, Ah ! how chang'd his former State,
With folded Arms he walks,
Upbraids the Gods, and curses Fate,
And like a Madman talks.

Nor can soft Musick's flatt'ring Charms,
Give now the least Delight ;
No more the Bowl his Bosom warms,
Nor rural Sports invite.
Relent, fair Maid, ere *Colin* dies,
Let him not mourn in vain
His hopeless Love, regardless Sighs,
And unrewarded Pain.

SONG CXLIV.

WHEN Morn her Sweets shall first unfold,
And paint the fleecy Clouds with Gold,
On tufted Green, O let me play,
And welcome up the jocund Day.
Wak'd by the gentle Voice of Love,
Arise, my Fair, arise, and prove
The dear Delights fond Lovers know,
The best of Blessings here below.

To some clear River's verdant Side,
Do thou my happy Footsteps guide ;
In Concert with the purling Stream,
We'll sing, and Love shall be the Theme.
Ere Night assumes her gloomy Reign,
And Shadows lengthen o'er the Plain,
We'll to some silent Shade repair,
For Peace and Pleasure wait us there.

The laughing God there keeps his Court,
 And little Loves incessant Sport;
 Around the winning Graces wait,
 And calm Contentment guards the Seat:
 There, lost in Ecstasies of Joy,
 While tend'rest Scenes our Thoughts employ,
 We'll bless the Hour our Love began,
 The happy Moment made us one.

SONG CXLV.

YOUNG *Damon*, once the happiest Swain,
 The Pride and Glory of the Plain,
 Yet see the Effects of Love!
 Depriv'd of all his former Rest,
 Shun'd Company, with Grief oppress'd,
 And sought the thickest Grove.

The Nymphs and Swains all strove to find
 What 'twas disturb'd the Shepherd's Mind,
 But when they begg'd to know,
 He only shook his drooping Head,
 And sighing mournfully he said,
 " My Fate will have it so."

Myrilla, hearing of his Woes,
 Came to, and kindly ask'd the Cause
 Of all his mighty Pain:
 The Youth, transported and amaz'd
 To hear her charming Voice, soon rais'd
 His Head, and thus began:

" I love, but 'tis a Nymph so fair,
 " That I of all Success despair,

" And

" And nought expect but Scorn ;
 " And, Oh ! forgive, since ask'd by you,
 " If farther I my Tale pursue,
 " And say, for you I burn."

The Nymph then blush'd, and smiling, said,
 " And is it thus you court a Maid,
 " With sighing and with pining ?
 " In Love, the want of Confidence,
 " Is worse by half than want of Sense ;
 " Rise, Man, and leave your whining."

S O N G CXLVI

Enrage'd with *Delia's* coy Disdain,
 Despairing *Damon* swore,
 He'd now dispel his am'rous Pain,
 Nor think of Woman more ;
 But first each Pledge of former Love,
 Each Present he'd reclaim :
 Then hastens to the neighb'ring Grove,
 And thus address'd the Dame :

" False Fair, thou know'st that taper Crook,
 " That faithful Dog that guards thy Flock,
 " That Scrip too, once were mine ;
 " But since my Love unheeded dies,
 " Since you no more the Giver prize,
 " His Love and Gifts resign."

With milder Mien and smother Brow,
 And well dissembled Sighs,
 The Fair One meets the Shepherd now,
 And, blushing, thus replies :

- " Whate'er thy sickle Fondness gave,
 " 'Thine Av'rice back again shall have ;
 " But, Oh ! remember, Swain,
 " With ev'ry Gift a Kiss you join'd,
 " Be then those Kisses now resign'd,
 " Nor will I aught retain".

Thus saying, to the Youth she flew,
 Around his Neck her Arms she threw,
 Her Lips to his applied ;
 Her swelling Bosom press'd to his,
 Infus'd her Soul at ev'ry Kiss,
 And quite forgot her Pride.

With Raptures joyful *Damon* hears,
 His Bliss too great to bear ;
 Then thus, with fault'ring Voice, he cheers
 The penitential Fair :

- " Forgive, my Love ! my Life ! my Joy !
 " Forgive thy rude, ill-manner'd Boy,
 " Who dar'd his Grievs display ;
 " My Crook, my Flock, my All, be thine ;
 " Let this, my Fair, be only mine,
 " To love and to obey."

S O N G CXLVII.

FROM tyrant Laws and Customs free,
 We follow sweet Variety ;
 By Turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Love for ever on the Wing.

Why

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Why should niggard Rules controul
Transports of the jovial Soul ?
No dull stinting Hour we own,
Pleasure counts our Time alone.

SONG CXLVIII.

THE wanton God, that pierces Hearts,
Dips in Gall his pointed Darts ;
But the Nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the Wound with rosy Wine.

Farewel Lovers when they're cloy'd ;
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish Fops are free
To rid me of dull Company.

They have Charms whilst mine can please,
I love them much, but more my Ease ;
No jealous Fears my Love molest,
No faithless Vows shall break my Rest.

~~Why should they e'er give me Pain.~~
Who to give me Joy disdain ?
All I hope of mortal Man
Is to love me whilst he can.

SONG CXLIX.

WOU'D you taste the Noon-tide Air ?
To yon fragrant Bow'r repair,
Where woven with the Poplar Bough
The mantling Vine will shelter you.

Down

Down each Side a Fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy Ground,
Sultry *Phæbus* scorching round.

Round the languid Herds and Sheep,
Stretch'd o'er funny Hillocks sleep,
While on the Hyacinth and Rose
The Fair does all alone repose :

All alone—and in her Arms
Your Breast may beat to Love's Alarms ;
Till blest'd, and blessing, you shall own
The Joys of Love are Joys alone.

S O N G C L.

'Advice to the FAIR.

H E.

H A R K, hark, o'er the Plains how the merry
Bells ring,
Asleep while my Charmer is laid ;
Asleep while my Charmer, &c.
The Village is up and the Day on the Wing,
And *Phillis* may yet die a Maid,
My poor Girl, my poor Girl ;
And *Phillis* may yet die a Maid ;
My poor Girl,
And *Phillis* may yet die a Maid.

S H E.

THE WREATH

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S H E.

'Tis hardly yet Day and I cannot away ;
 Oh ! *Damon*, I'm young and afraid ;
 Oh ! *Damon*, I'm young, &c.
 To-morrow, my Dear, I'll to Church without Fear,
 But let me To-night be a Maid,
 My dear Boy, &c.

H E.

The Bride-Maids are met, and Mamma's on the fret ;
 All, all my coy *Phyllis* upbraid ;
 All, all my coy *Phyllis*, &c.
 By Midnight, my Dear, shall be eas'd of her Fear,
 Nor grieve she's no longer a Maid,
 My poor Girl, &c.

S H E.

Dear Shepherd forbear, and To-morrow I swear ;
 To-morrow I'll not be afraid ;
 To-morrow I'll not, &c.
 I'll open the Door, and deny you no more,
 Nor cry to live longer a Maid,
 My dear Boy, &c.

H E.

No, no *Phyllis*, no, on that Bosom of Snow,
 To-night shall your Shepherd be laid ;
 To-night shall, &c.
 Fast lock'd in his Arms, you shall yield up your
 Charms,
 Nor wish to live longer a Maid,
 My dear Girl, &c.

S H E.

S H E.

Then open the Door, 'twas unbolted before,
 'Twas *Damen* his Bliss that delay'd ;
 'Twas *Damen*, &c.
 To Church let us go, and if there I say, No ;
 O then let me die an old Maid,
 My dear Boy, &c.

DUET and CHORUS.

Away then, away ; and to Love give the Day :
 Ye Nymphs let Example persuade :
 Ye Nymphs let Example, &c.
 Let Beauty be kind, when the Swain's in the Mind ;
 'Tis foolish to die an old Maid,
 My dear Girl, my dear Girl ;
 'Tis foolish to die and old Maid ;
 My dear Girl,
 'Tis foolish to die an old Maid.

S O N G C L I.

Tell with equal Truth and Grief,
 That *Cbles* is an arrant Thief :
 Before the Urchin well could go,
 She stole the Whiteness of the Snow ;
 And more, that Whiteness to adorn,
 She stole the Blushes of the Morn.

She pilfer'd Orient Pearl for Teeth,
 And stole the Cow's ambrosial Breath ;
 The Cherry, steep'd in Morning-Dew,
 Gave Moisture to her Lips and Hue :

These

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These were her infant Spoils, a Store,
To which in Time she added more.

At Twelve she stole from *Cyprus*' Queen
Her Air and Love-commanding Mien;
Stole *Juno*'s Dignity, and stole
From *Pallas* Sense to charm the Soul.
Apollo's Wit was next her Prey;
Her next, the Beam that lights the Day.

There's no repeating all her Wiles;
She stole the Graces winning Smiles;
She sung, amaz'd the *Sirens* heard,
And to assert their Voice appear'd;
She play'd, the *Muses* from their Hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their Skill.

Great *Jove* approv'd her Crimes and Art,
And t'other Day she stole my Heart.
If Lovers, *Cupid*, are thy Care,
Exert thy Vengeance on the Fair;
To Trial bring her stolen Charms,
And let her Prison be---my Arms.

SONG CLII.

WHEN *Fanny* blooming Fair
First met my ravish'd Sight,
Caught with her Shape and Air
I felt a strange Delight:
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry Part,
And ev'ry Feature prais'd,
She stole into my Heart.

In

In her bewitching Eyes
 Ten thousand Loves appear ;
 There *Cupid* basking lies,
 His Shafts are hoarded there :
 Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd
 With Colour all their own,
 Excelling far the Pride
 Of Roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd Limbs confess
 The lucky Hand of *Jove* ;
 Her Features all express
 The beauteous Queen of Love :
 What Flames my Nerves invade,
 When I behold the Breast
 Of that too charming Maid
 Rise suing to be prest ?

Venus round *Fanny's* Waist
 Has her own Cestus bound,
 With guardian *Cupid's* grac'd,
 Who sport the Circle round :
 How happy will he be
 Who shall her Zone unloose !
 That Bliss to all but me
 May Heav'n and she refuse.

SONG CLIII.

FAME's an Echo, prattling double,
 An empty, airy, glitt'ring Bubble ;
 A Breath can swell, a Breath can sink it,
 The Wise not worth their keeping think it.

Why

Why then, why such Toil and Pain,
Fame's uncertain Smiles to gain ?
Like her Sister Fortune blind,
To the best she's oft unkind,
And the worst her Favour find.

S O N G CLIV.

BEHOLD the sweet Flow'rs around,
With all the bright Beauties they wear ;
Yet none on the Plain can be found,
So lovely as *Calia* is fair.
Ye Warblers, come raise your sweet Throats ;
No longer in Silence remain ;
O lend a fond Lover your Notes,
'To soften my *Calia's* Disdain.

Oft Times in yon flow'ry Vale,
I breathe my Complaint in a Song ;
Fair *Flora* attends the soft Tale,
And sweetens the Borders along :
But, *Calia*, whose Breath might perfume,
The Bosom of *Flora* in *May* ;
Still frowning, pronounces my Doom,
Regardless of all I can say.

S O N G CLV.

IF ever blooming Beauty warm'd,
And with its softest Lustre charm'd,
'Tis in this happy Day ;
When in this Mirror, the fair Maid,
Her radiant Charms to Sight display'd,
With conscious Beauty's gay.

O

Wih

With those bright Eyes for Love design'd,
 Content your youthful harmless Mind,
 And pleas'd in Triumph smile ;
 Yet fear, lest *Venus*, Queen of Love,
 Who sports with Men and Gods above,
 Intends some hidden Guile.

'Twas thus *Narcissus*, who had gain'd
 The Nymph's Affection, he disdain'd,
 His wat'ry Image sees ;
 His haughty Heart to all beside,
 Humbles to his own Charms its Pride,
 And now's the Prey of Bees.

Less charming far than you, yet vain,
 His Beauty could his Pride maintain,
 The Victim of its Blaze :
 But had he seen your potent Charms,
 Which fill my Breast with sweet Alarms,
 He had ador'd your Rays.

More beautiful than he, be sure,
 There nothing e'er the Wound can cure,
 Of your victorious Eyes ;
 Then gaze on still, with Wonder gaze,
 While the bright Glass your Charms displays,
 And in Self-Glory rise.

But if Self-adoration's Pow'r
 Could change *Narcissus* to a Flow'r,
 Be of his Lot aware ;
 An equal Fate such Charms attends,
 You'll disappoint your Lovers, Friends,
 And blest like him the Air.

Yet

Yet I, whose Breast soft Pleasures move,
Must make this Pray'r to Pow'rs above,
To be a *Zephyr* gay ;
And when you all your Charms disclose,
And emulate the blooming Rose,
In your sweet Foliage play.

With Rapture in each gentle Gale,
I would the fragrant Sweets inhale,
That fill the Circuit round ;
I'd on your Beauties ever gaze,
Content my Love ten Thousand Ways,
And circle the blest Ground.

S O N G CLVI.

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone astray,
The little Wand'rer lost her Way,
In gathering Flow'rs the other Day :
Poor *Phillis*, poor *Phillis*, poor lovely *Phillis*.
Ah ! lead her home, ye gentle Swains,
Who know an absent Lover's Pains,
And bring me safely o'er the Plains
My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

Conceive what Tortures rack my Mind,
And if you'll be so just and kind,
I'll give you certain Marks to find,
My *Phillis*, &c.
When e'er a charming Form you see,
Serenely grave, sedately free,
And mildly gay, it must be she,
'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

Not boldly bare, or Half undress'd,
 But under Cover lightly press'd,
 In secret plays the little Breast,
 Of *Phillis*, &c.

When such a heav'nly Voice you hear,
 As makes you think a *Dryade* near ;
 Ah! seize her, and bring home my Dear,
 'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

The Nymph, whose Person void of Art,
 Has e'ery Grace in e'ery Part,
 With murd'ring Eyes, yet harmless Heart,
 Is *Phillis*, &c.

Whose Teeth are like an Iv'ry Row,
 Whose Skin is like the clearest Snow,
 Whose Face like—nothing that I know
 Is *Phillis*, &c.

Put rest, my Soul, and bless your Fate,
 The Gods who form'd a Piece so neat,
 So just, exact, and so compleat,
 As *Phillis*, as *Phillis*, as lovely *Phillis*.
 Proud of their Hir, in such a Flow'r,
 Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,
 Will guard, in ev'ry dangerous Hour,
 My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

SONG CLVII.

HOW sweet are the Flowers? how lovely the
 Spring?
 How gaudy the Pride of the Grove?
 How wanton the Air is? the Birds how they sing?
 And chirrup, and chirrup, soft Measures of Love!
 And chirrup, and chirrup, soft Measures of Love!
 Yet

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Yet not of themselves the gay Beauties can please,
We only can taste when the Heart is at Ease,
We only can taste when the Heart is at Ease.

The Flowers wou'd wither, the Spring have an End,
The Pride of the Grove wou'd decay ;
The Air wou'd be noxious, the Birds but offend,
If my Parent, my King, were away :
If my Parent, &c.

For not of themselves the vain Pageants can please,
We only can taste when the Heart is at Ease,
We only can taste when the Heart is at Ease.

SONG CLVIII.

COLLIN and *PHOEBE*.

H E.

BE still, O ye Winds, and attentive ye Swains,
'Tis *Phæbe* invites and replies to my Strains :
The Sun never rose on, search all the World thro',
A Shepherd so blest, or a Fair One so true,
A Shepherd so blest, or a Fair One so true.

S H E.

Glide softly ye Streams, O ye Nymphs round me
throng,
'Tis *Collin* commands, and enlivens my Song :
Search all the World over, you never can find
A Maiden so blest, or a Shepherd so kind,
A Maiden so blest, &c.

CHORUS.

'Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives Light to the Year,
The sweetest of Blessings that Life can endear ;

*Our Pleasures it heightens, drives Sorrow away,
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day,
Gives Joy to the Night, &c.*

H E.

With *Phæbe* beside me, all Nature looks gay,
And Winter's bleak Months are as pleasant as *May*;
'The Summer's gay Verdure still springs as she treads,
And Linnets and Nightingales sing thro' the Meads,
And Linnets, &c.

S H E.

When *Collin* is absent 'tis Winter all round,
How faint is the Sunshine? how barren the Ground?
Instead of the Linnets and Nightingale's Song,
I hear the hoarse Raven croak all the Day long,
I hear the hoarse Raven, &c.

CHORUS.

'Tis Love, like the Sun, &c.

H E.

O'er Hill, Dale, and Valley, my *Phæbe* and I
Together will wander, and Love shall be by:
Her *Collin* shall guard her fate all the long Day,
And *Phæbe* at Night all his Pains shall repay,
And *Phæbe*, &c.

S H E.

By Moon-light, when Shadows glide over the
Plain,
His Kisses shall cheer me, his Arms shall sustain:
The.

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The dark haunted Grove I can trace without Fear,
And sleep in a Church-Yard if *Collin* is near,
And sleep, &c.

CHORUS.

'Tis Love, like the Sun, &c.

H E.

Ye Shepherds that wanton it over the Plain,
How fleeting your Transports! how lasting your
Pain!

Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind She,
And learn to be happy from *Phæbe* and me,
And learn, &c.

S H E.

Ye Nymphs, who the Pleasures of Love never
try'd,
Attend to my Strains, and take me for your Guide;
Your Hearts keep from Pride and Inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy from *Collin* and me,
And learn, &c.

CHORUS.

*'Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives Light to the Year,
The sweetest of Blessings that Life can endear;
Our Pleasures it heightens, drives Sorrow away,
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day,
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.*

SONG

SONG CLIX.

TOO plain, dear Youth, these tell-tale Eyes
My Heart your own declare ;
But, for Heav'n's sake, let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost Pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your Sway ;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

But could your Arts successful prove,
Would you a Maid undo,
Whose greatest Failing is her Love,
And that her Love for you ?

Say, would you use that very Pow'r
You from her Fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal Hour
A Life of spotless Fame ?

Resolve not then to do an Ill,
Because perhaps you may ;
But rather try your utmost Skill
To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my Virtue's Guard,
Defend, and not pursue ;
Since 'tis a Task for me too hard,
To strive with Love and you.

SONG

The WREATH

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SONG CLX.

YE good Fellows all,
 Who love to be told where there's Claret
 good Store,
 Attend to the Call
 Of one who's ne'er frighted,
 But greatly delighted,
 With six Bottles more:
 Be sure you don't pass
 The good House *Money Glass*,
 Which the jolly red God so peculiarly owns;
 'Twill well suit your Humour,
 For pray what wou'd you more,
 Than Mirth with good Claret, and Bumpers, 'Squire
Jones?

Ye Lovers, who pine
 For Lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine
 For Lillies and Roses,
 With Eyes, Lips, and Noses,
 Or Tip of an Ear:
 Come hither, I'll shew you
 How *Phillis* and *Chloe*
 No more shall occasion such Sighs and such Groans;
 For what Mortal so stupid
 As not to quit *Cupid*,
 When call'd by good Claret, and Bumpers, 'Squire
Jones?

Ye Poets, who write,
 And brag of your drinking fam'd *Helicon's* Brook,
 Tho' all you get by't
 Is a Dinner oft-times,
 In Reward of your Rhymes,
 With *Humphry* the Duke;

Learn

Learn *Bacchus* to follow,
 And quit your *Apollo*,
 Forfake all the *Muses*, those senseless old Crones;
 Our gingling of Glasses
 Your rhyming surpasses,
 When crown'd with good Claret, and Bumpers,
 'Squire *Jones*.

Ye Soldiers so stout,
 With Plenty of Oaths, tho' no Plenty of Coin,
 Who make such a Rout
 Of all your Commanders
 Who serv'd us in *Flanders*,
 And eke at the *Boyne*:
 Come leave off your rattling
 Of sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole
 Bones;
 Were you sent to *Gibraltar*,
 Your Note you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good Claret, and Bumpers, 'Squire
Jones.

Ye Clergy so wise,
 Who Myſteries profound can demonstrate moſt clear,
 How worthy to riſe!
 You preach once a Week,
 But your Tythes never ſeek
 Above once in a Year:
 Come here without failing,
 And leave off your railing
 'Gainſt Biſhops providing for dull ſtupid Drones;
 Says the Text ſo divine,
 What is Life without Wine?
 Then away with the Claret, a Bumper, 'Squire
Jones.

Ye

Ye Lawyers so just,
 Be the Cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of Trust !
 You know Black from White,
 Yet prefer Wrong to Right,
 As you chance to be fee'd :
 Leave musty Reports,
 And forsake the K—— Courts,
 Where Dulness and Discord have set up their
 Thrones ;
 Burn *Salkeld* and *Ventris*,
 With all your d—— Entries,
 And away with the Claret, a Bumper, 'Squire *Jones*.

Ye physical Tribe,
 Whose Knowledge consists in hard Words and
 Grimace,
 Whene'er you prescribe
 Have at your Devotion
 Pills, Bolus, or Potion,
 Be what will the Case :
 Pray where is the Need
 To purge, blister, and bleed ?
 When ailing yourselves the whole Faculty owns,
 That the Forms of old *Galen*
 Are not so prevailing
 As Mirth with good Claret, and Bumpers, 'Squire
Jones.

Ye Fox-Hunters eke,
 That follow the Call of the Horn and the Hound,
 Who your Ladies forsake
 Before they're awake,
 To beat up the Brake
 Where the Vermin is found :

Leave

Leave *Piper* and *Bluman*,
 Shrill *Dutchess* and *Trueman*;
 No Musick is found in such dissonant Tones :
 Wou'd you ravish your Ears,
 With the Songs of the Spheres,
 Hark! away to the Claret, a Bumper, 'Squire *Jones*.

SONG CLXI.

THE blooming Damsel, whose Defence
 Is adamantine Innocence,
 Requires no Guardian to attend
 Her Steps, for Modesty's her Friend.
 Tho' her fair Arms are weak to wield
 The glitt'ring Spear and massy Shield;
 Yet safe from Force and Fraud combin'd,
 She is an *Amazon* in Mind.

With this Artillery she goes
 Not only 'mongst the harmless Beaux,
 But ev'n unhurt and undismay'd,
 Views the long Sword and fierce Cockade.
 Tho' all a Syren as she talks,
 And all a Goddess as she walks;
 Yet Decency each Motion guides,
 And Wisdom o'er her Tongue presides.

Place her in *Russia's* show'ry Plains,
 Where a perpetual Winter reigns;
 The Elements may rave and range,
 Yet her fix'd Mind will never change.
 Place her, Ambition, in thy Tow'rs,
 'Mongst the more dangerous golden Show'rs;
 Ev'n there she'd spurn the venal Tribe,
 And fold her Arms against the Bribe.

Leave

Leave her defenceless and alone,
A Pris'ner in the *Torrid Zone*,
The Sunshine there might vainly vie
With the bright Lustre of her Eye;
But *Plæbus*' self, with all his Fire,
Could ne'er one unchaste Thought inspire;
But Virtue's Path she'd still pursue,
And still, ye Fair, would copy you.

SONG CLXII.

WHEN *Sappho* struck the quiv'ring Lyre,
The throbbing Breast was all on Fire:
But when she rais'd the vocal Lay,
The captive Soul was charm'd away!

But had the Nymph, possess'd with these,
Thy softer, chaster Pow'r to please;
Thy beauteous Air of sprightly Youth,
Thy native Smiles of artless Truth;

The Worm of Grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken, love-sick Maid;
Nor had she mourn'd an hapless Flame,
Nor dash'd on Rocks her tender Frame.

SONG CLXIII.

FILL me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul;
Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul:

P

Vast

Vast as my Thirst is, let it have
 Depth enough to be my Grave ;
 I mean the Grave of all my Care,
 For I design to bury't there.

Let it of silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of Wine, worthy of me ;
 Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
 As that bright Cup amongst the Stars.
 Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
 Large as my capacious Soul.

S O N G CLXIV.

WHEN *Britain* first, at Heav'n's Command,
 Arose from out the azure Main,
 This was the Charter of the Land,
 And guardian Angels sung this Strain :
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

The Nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must in their Turns to Tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The Dread and Envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

Should War, should Faction shake thy Isle,
 And sink to Poverty and Shame ;
 Heav'n still shall on *Britannia* smile,
 Restore her Wealth, and raise her Name.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

As

As the loud Blast, that tears thy Skies,
Serves but to root thy native Oak ;
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
From foreign, from domestic Stroke.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

How blest the Prince, reserv'd by Fate,
In adverse Days to mount thy Throne !
Renew thy once triumphant State,
And on thy Grandeur build his own !
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

His Race shall long, in Times to come,
So Heav'n ordains, thy Sceptre wield,
Rever'd Abroad, belov'd at Home,
And be at once thy Sword and Shield.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

S O N G CLXV.

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I ;
Freely welcome to my Cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up :
Make the most of Life you may,
Life is short and wears away,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to their decline ;
Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,
Tho' repeated to Threescore ;

P 2

Threescore

Threescore Summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one,
Will appear as short as one.

SONG CLXVI.

GO, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kifs,
Salute a Virgin's Hand :
Go, senseless Thing, and reap a Bliss,
'Thou canst not understand.

Go, for in thee methinks I find,
'Tho' its not half so bright,
An Emblem of her beauteous Mind,
By Nature clad in White.

Securely thou mayst touch the Fair,
Whom few securely can ;
Mayst press her Breast, her Lips, her Hair,
And wanton with her Fan.

Mayst Coach it with her to and fro
From Masquerades and Plays ;
O could'st thou hither come and go,
To tell me what she says.

Go, Kid, and when the Morning's Cold
Shall nib her lilly Arm,
Do thou, O ! might I be so bold,
With Kisses make it warm.

And when thy glossy Beauty's o'er,
And all thy Charms are gone,
Return to me, I'll love thee more
Than e'er I yet have done.

SONG

The WREATH.

173

SONG CLXVII.

WHAT Med'cine can soften the Eosom's keen
Smart?

What *Lethe* can banish the Pain?

What Cure can be met with to sooth the fond Heart,
'That's broke by a faithless young Swain?

In hopes to forget him how vainly I try,
The Sports of the Wake and the Green;
When *Colin* is dancing, I say with a Sigh,
'Twas here first my *Damon* was seen.

When to the pale Moon the soft Nightingales mean
In Accents so piercing and clear;
You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a Groan,
As when my dear *Damon* was here.

A Garland of Willow my Temples shall shade,
And pluck it, ye Nymphs, from yon Grove;
For there, to her Cost, was poor *Laura* betray'd,
And *Damon* pretended to love.

SONG CLXVIII.

YE Mortals, whom Fancies and Troubles perplex,
Whom Folly misguides, and Infirmities vex;
Whose Lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without Joy, and lie down without Rest:
Obey the glad Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

Old Maids shall forget what they wish'd for in vain,
And young Ones the Rover they cannot regain;

The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
 And *Cloe* again be with Passion enjoy'd.
 Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

The Wife, at one Draught, may forget all her
 Wants,
 Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants;
 The troubled in Mind shall go chearful away,
 And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy To-day.
 Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

S O N G C L X I X .

YOU say at your Feet that I wept in Despair,
 And vow'd that no Angel was ever so fair :
 How could you believe all the Nonsense I spoke ?
 What know we of Angels ?——I meant it in joke.

I next stand indited for swearing to love,
 And nothing but Death should my Passion remove :
 I have lik'd you a Twelvemonth, a Calendar Year,
 And not yet contented——have Conscience, my
 Dear.

S O N G C L X X .

THIS verdant Green was once my Pride,
 In calmer Hours my blest Retreat,
 Where Love and *Colin* did reside ;
 'Twas *Colin's* Presence made it sweet.
 'Twas *Collin* gave the beaut'ous Bloom ;
 I simply thought it all your own ;
 Convinc'd, I now can see the Gloom
 O'er-spread each Flow'r, now he is gone.
I thought

I thought my Heart by Nature gay,
 When *Colin* was the only Cause ;
 'Twas he inspir'd each tuneful Lay,
 My Mirth but waited his Applause :
 Of all Delights he was the Source ;
 With him, the Hours wing'd away ;
 The envious Sun, with rapid Force,
 Made me regret the short'n'd Day.

His Absence now can lengthen Time ;
 Dull, tedious Moments seem as Years ;
 Th' exulting Sun, that gilds the Stream,
 Stands still, to scorn and mock my Tears.
 At Eve the Dew lends her kind Aid
 To Flow'rs, who drooping does recline ;
 Like me, they bend their mournful Head,
 And seem to mingle Grief with mine.

SONG CLXXI.

YE Medley of Mortals that make up this Throng,
 Spare your Wit for a Moment, and list to my
 Song ;
 What you would not expect here my Wit shall be
 new ;
 And, what is more strange, ev'ry Word shall be
 true.
 Sing tantararara Truth all, Truth all,
 Sing tantararara Truth all.

Not a Toy in the Place you'll buy cheaper than mine ;
 Bring your Lasses to me, and you'll save all your Coin ;
 The Ladies alone will pay dear for my Skill,
 For, if they will hear me—their Tongues must lie still.
 Sing tantararara mute all, &c.

Tho'

Tho' our Revels are scorn'd by the Grave and the
Wife,

Yet they practise all Day, what they seem to despise ;
Examine Mankind from the Great to the Small,
Each Mortal's disguis'd, and the World is a Ball.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

The Parson, brimful of *October* and Grace,
With a long taper Pipe, and a round ruddy Face,
Will rail at our Doings—but when it is dark,
The Doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the Clark.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

The fierce roaring Blade, with long Sword and
cock'd Hat,
Who with Zounds he did this, and with 'Sblood he'll
do that ;
When he comes to his Trial he fails in his Part,
And proves that his Looks were but Masks to his
Heart.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

The Beau acts the Rake, and will talk of Amours ;
Shews Letters from Wives, and Appointments from
Whores :
But a Creature so modest avoids all Disgrace,
For how would he blush, should he meet Face to Face.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

The Courtiers and Patriots, 'mong other fine Things,
Will talk of their Country, and love to their Kings ;
Yet their Masks will drop off, if you shake but the
Pelf,
And shew King and Country all center'd in self.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

With

With an Outside of Virtue Miss *Squeamish*, the Prude,
If you touch her, she faints ; if you speak, you are
rude :

'Thus she's prim and she's coy, till her Blossoms are
gone ;

And, when mellow, she's pluck'd by the Coachman
or *John*.

Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

With a grave Mask of Wisdom, say Physick and
Law,

In your Case there's no Fear, in your Cause there's
no Flaw ;

'Till Death and the Judge have decreed, they look
big ;

Then you find you have trusted—a full-bottom
Wig.

Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

Thus Life is no more than a Round of Deceit ;

Each Neighbour will find that his next is a Cheat :

But if, O ye Mortals, these Tricks ye pursue,

You at last cheat yourselves—and the Devil cheats
you.

Sing tantararara Masks all, Masks all,

Sing tantararara Masks all.

S O N G CLXXII.

IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest

That I, inconstant, have possess'd

Or lov'd a fairer She :

Wou'd you, with Ease, at once be cur'd

Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,

Consult your Glas and me.

IF

If then you think that I can find
 A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
 You've Reason for your Fears?
 But if impartial you will prove
 To your own Beauty and my Love,
 How needless are your Tears!

If in my Way I shou'd, by Chance,
 Give or receive a wanton Glance,
 I like but while I view :
 How slight the Glance, how faint the Kiss,
 Compar'd to that substantial Bliss,
 Which I receive from you!

With wanton Flight the curious Bee
 From Flow'r to Flow'r still wanders free,
 And were each Blossom blows,
 Extracts the Juice of all he meets;
 But for his Quintessence of Sweets
 He ravishes the Rose.

So I, my Fancy to employ
 In each Variety of Joy,
 From Nymph to Nymph do roam,
 Perhaps see fifty in a Day;
 They're all but Visits which I pay,
 For *Chloe's* still my Home.

SONG CLXXIII.

WITH artful Voice, young *Thirsis*, you
 In vain persuade me you are true,
 Since that can never be;

For

For he's no Proselyte of mine,
That offers at another's Shrine
Those Vows he made to me.

The faithless, fickle, wav'ring Loon,
That changes oftner than the Moon,
Courts each new Face he meets,
Smells ev'ry fragrant Flow'r that blows,
Yet flily calls the blushing Rose
His Quintessence of Sweets.

So, *Thirsts*, when in wanton Play,
From Fair to Fair you fondly stray,
And steal from each a Kiss;
It shows, if what you say be true,
A sickly Appetite in you,
And no substantial Bliss.

For you, inconstant, roving Swain,
Tho' seemingly you hug your Chain,
Wou'd fain, I know, get free,
To sip fresh balmy Sweets of Love,
From Bow'r to Bow'r incessant rove,
And imitate your Bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring Thing your Heart,
Let it admit no other Dart,
But rest with me alone;
For while, dear Bee, you rove and sing,
Should you return without your Sting,
I'd not protect a Drone.

S O N G

SONG CLXXIV.

AT the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdess dwelt,
 Who the Pangs of Ambition or Love had
 ne'er felt;
 A few sober Maxims still ran in her Head,
 That 'twas better to earn e'er she eat her brown
 Bread;
 That to rise with the Lark was conducive to Health,
 And to Folks in a Cottage Contentment was Wealth.

Young *Roger* that liv'd in the Valley below,
 Who at Church and at Market was reckon'd a Beau,
 Wou'd oftentimes try o'er her Heart to prevail,
 And rest on his Pitchfork to tell her his Tale:
 'Till his winning Behaviour so wrought on her
 Heart,
 That quite artless herself she suspected no Art.

He flatter'd, protested, he kneel'd and implor'd,
 And wou'd lie with the Grandeur and Air of a
 Lord;
 Her Eyes he commended with Language well dress'd,
 And enlarg'd on the Tortures he felt in his Breast:
 With his Sighs and his Tears he so soften'd her
 Mind,
 That in downright Compassion to Love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the Ice of her Breast,
 The Heat of his Passion that Moment decreas'd;
 And now he goes flaunting all over the Vale,
 And boasts of his Conquest to *Richard* and *Hal*;
 Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's always in Haste,
 And whenever he mentions her, makes her his Jest.
 Take

Take heed, ye young Virgins of *Britain's* fair Isle,
 How you venture your Hearts for a Look or a
 Smile ;
 For young *Cupid* is artful, and Virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false *Roger* in every Vale,
 Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all their
 Skill ;
 But remember the Lads at the Brow of the Hill.

S O N G CLXXV.

WHAT *Cato* advises most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,
 To mingle sweet Pleasure with Search after Treas-
 ure,
 Indulging at Night for the Toils of the Day :
 And while the dull Miser esteems himself wiser,
 His Bags to encrease while his Health does decay,
 Our Souls we enlighten, our Fancies we brighten,
 And pass the long Ev'nings in Pleasure away.

All chearful and hearty, we set aside Party,
 With some tender Fair the bright Bumper is
 crown'd ;
 Thus *Bacchus* invites us, and *Venus* delights us,
 While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd :
 See here's our Physician, we know no Ambition,
 But where there's good Wine and good Company
 found ;
 Thus happy together, in spite of all Weather,
 'Tis Sunshine and Summer with us the Year
 round.

Q

S O N G

SONG CLXXVI.

WHILST I fondly view the Charmer,
Thus the God of Love I sue,

" Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her,

" *Cupid*, if you love me, do.

" Of a Thousand Sweets bereave her,

" Rob her Neck, and Lips, and Eyes,

" The Remainder still will leave her

" Pow'r enough to tyrannize.

" Shape, and Feature, Flame and Passion

" Still in ev'ry Breast will move ;

" More is Supererogation,

" Mere Idolatry of Love.

" You may dress a World of *Chloes*

" In the Beauties she can spare ;

" Hear him, *Cupid*, who no Foe is

" To your Altars, or the Fair."

" Foolish Mortal, pray be easy,

" Angry *Cupid* made reply ;

" Do *Florella's* Charms displease you ?

" Die then, foolish Mortal, die.

" Fancy not that I'll deprive her

" Of the captivating Store ;

" Shepherd, no, I'd rather give her *

" Twenty thousand Beauties more.

" Were

- ' Were *Florella* proud and sour,
 " Apt to mock a Lover's Care,
 " Justly then you'd pray that Pow'r
 " Shou'd be taken from the Fair.

 " But shou'd I spread a Blemish o'er her,
 " No Relief in that you'd find;
 " Still, fond Shepherd, you'd adore her
 " For the Beauties of her Mind."

SONG CLXXVII.

WHEN Love and Youth cannot make Way,
 Nor with the Fair avail
 To bend to *Cupid's* gentle Sway,
 What Art can then prevail?
What Art can then prevail?

I'll tell thee, *Strepson*, a Receipt,
 Of a most sov'reign Pow'r;
 If you the Stubborn would defeat,
 Let drop a golden Shower,
Let drop, &c.

This Method try'd enamour'd *Jove*,
 Before he could obtain
 The cold regardless *Danae's* Love,
 Or conquer her Disdain,
Or conquer, &c.

By *Cupid's* self I have been told,
 He never wounds a Heart
 So deep, as when he tips with Gold
 The fatal piercing Dart,
The fatal piercing Dart.

Q 2

SONG

S O N G CLXXVIII.

DEAR *Collin*, prevent my warm Blushes,
 Since how can I speak without Pain?
 My Eyes have oft told you my Wishes;
 Oh! can't you their Meaning explain?
 My Passion would lose by Expression,
 And you to might cruelly blame;
 Then don't you expect a Confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the Province of Speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me?
 Our Wishes should be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they should be.
 Then quickly why don't you discover?
 Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine,
 Eyes need not tell over and over
 What I in my Bosom confine.

S O N G CLXXIX.

DEAR Madam, when Ladies are willing,
 A Man must needs look like a Fool;
 For me, I would not give a Shilling
 For one that can love out of Rule:
 At least you should wait for our Offers,
 Nor snatch like old Maids in Despair;
 If you've liv'd till these Years without Proffers,
 Your Sighs are now lost in the Air.

You

You should leave us to guess at your Blushing,
 And not speak the Matter too plain;
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
 And yours to affect a Disdain.
 That you're in a terrible Taking,
 By all your fond ogling I see;
 But the Fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed, is too mellow for me.

SONG CLXXX.

*F*Lorella, first in Charms and Wit,
 In whose enchanting sparkling Eyes
 All the bright Soul's Perfections sit,
 And such resistless Magick lies:
 Oh! can you, thus divinely fair,
 Suppose your *Damon* insincere?

To all the Circles of the Fair,
 That grace the Court, the Ball, the Play,
 Let my lov'd doubting Nymph repair,
 And ev'ry shining Form survey;
 And, if she meets her Equal there,
 Conclude her *Damon* insincere.

Or if my Fair should chance to pass
 (What Art for Beauty's Use design'd)
 The bright, un sullied, faithful Glass,
 Itself an Emblem of her Mind;
 Let her behold her Image there,
 And own I can't be insincere.

Let her survey the rosy Bloom
 O'er all the lovely Face confess,
 And let her sparkling Eyes assume
 The Charms that rob my Soul of Rest :
 And then, to bless my ravish'd Ear,
 Confess I can't be insincere.

S O N G CLXXXI.

WHEN *Delia* on the Plain appears,
 Aw'd by a Thousand tender Fears,
 I wou'd approach, but dare not move ;
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear,
 No other Voice but her's can bear,
 No other's Wit but her's approve ;
 Tell me, my Heart, if this is Love:

If she some other Swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest Friend,
 That Instant Enemy I prove ;
 Tell me, my Heart, if this is Love.

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest Spring or shady Grove ;
 Tell me, my Heart, if this is Love.

When arm'd with insolent Disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
 Tell me, my Heart, if this is Love.

S O N G

SONG CLXXXII.

LOVE's a Dream of mighty Treasure,
Which in Fancy we possess ;
In the Folly lies the Pleasure,
Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by Passion heated,
We a Goddess have in Chace,
Like *Ixion* we are cheated,
And a gaudy Cloud embrace.

Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Mistress well deceives ;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at Ease.

But the Wretch, that would be knowing
What the Fair One would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wise.

SONG CLXXXIII.

FROM all her fair loquacious Kind
So diff'rent is my *Rosalind*,
That not one Accent can I gain,
To crown my Hopes, or sooth my Pain.

Ye Lovers, who can construe Sighs,
And are th' Interpreters of Eyes,
To Language all her Looks translate,
And in her Gestures read my Fate.

And

And if in them you chance to find
 Aught that is gentle, aught that's kind ;
 Adieu mean Hopes of being great,
 And all the Littleness of State.

All Thoughts of Grandeur I'll despise,
 That from Dependence take their Rise ;
 To serve her shall be my Employ,
 And Love's sweet Agony my Joy.

S O N G CLXXXIV.

WHAT beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight !
 How closely yonder Vine
 Does round that Elm's supporting Height
 Her wanton Ringlets twine !
 That Elm, no more a barren Shade,
 Is with her Clusters crown'd ;
 And that fair Vine, without its Aid,
 Had crept along the Ground.

Let this, my Fair One, move thy Heart,
 Connubial Joys to prove :
 But mark what Age and Care impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on Love.
 Know thy own Bliss and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy Charms,
 The youthful God that rules the Year,
 And keeps the Groves from Harms.

While some with short-liv'd Passions glow,
 His Love remains the same ;
 On him alone thy Heart bestow,
 And crown his constant Flame :

So shall no Frost's untimely Pow'r
Deform the blooming Spring :
So shall thy Trees, from Blasts secure,
Their wonted Tribute bring.

S O N G C L X X X V .

BLOW, ye bleak Winds, around my Head,
And sooth my Heart-corroding Care :
Flash round my Brows, ye Lightnings red,
And blast the Laurels planted there :
But may the Maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my Distress nor me,
Think not of my Distress nor me.

Let all the Traces of our Love
Be ever blotted from her Mind ;
May from her Breast my Vows remove,
And no Remembrance leave behind :
But may the Maid, &c.

O may I ne'er behold her more,
For she has robb'd my Soul of Rest !
Wisdom's Assistance is too poor,
To calm the Tempest in my Breast :
But may the Maid, &c.

Come, Death, O come, thou friendly Sleep,
And with my Sorrows lay me low ;
And should the gentle Virgin weep,
Nor sharp, nor lasting be her Woe :
But may she think, where'er she be,
No more of my Distress nor me,
No more of my Distress nor me.

S O N G

SONG CLXXXVI.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring Dreams of Joy?
Monimia, give my Soul her wonted Rest:
 Since first thy Beauty fix'd my roving Eye,
 Heart-gnawing Cares corrode my pensive Breast.

Let happy Lovers fly where Pleasures call,
 With festive Songs beguile the fleeting Hour;
 Lead Beauty through the Mazes of the Ball,
 Or press her wanton in Love's roseate Bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled Mead,
 Where Shepherds pipe, and Virgins dance around;
 Nor wander thro' the Woodbine's fragrant Shade,
 To hear the Musick of the Grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely Church, or dreary Cell,
 Where Fancy paints the glimm'ring Taper blue;
 Where Damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd Wall,
 And sheeted Ghosts drink up the Midnight Dew.

There leagu'd with hopeless Anguish and Despair,
 Awhile in Silence o'er my Fate repine;
 Then, with a long Farewel to Love and Care,
 To kindred Dust my weary'd Limbs resign.

Wilt thou, *Monimia*, shed a gracious Tear
 On the cold Grave where all my Sorrows rest?
 Wilt thou strew Flow'rs, applaud my Love sincere,
 And bid the Turf lie light upon my Breast?

SONG

SONG CLXXXVII.

MY Days have been so wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly
With careless Ease, from Tree to Tree,
Were not so blest as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine increas'd their Stream ?
Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent a Sigh to them ?

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught,
The tender Chains of sweet Desire
Are fix'd upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breast
Does ev'ry Doubt controul,
And lovely *Nancy* stands confess'd
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds,
Ye close Retreats of Love.

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Assist the dear Design :
Oh ! teach a young unpractis'd Heart
To make her ever mine.

The

The very Thought of Change I hate,
 As much as of Despair ;
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind
 Is mix'd with soft Distress ;
 Yet, whilst the Fair I love is kind
 I cannot wish for less.

SONG CLXXXVIII.

THE brightest Bloom the Rose displays,
 When gilded by *Aurora's* Rays,
 The fairest Lilly of the Fields,
 Or cultivated Garden yields,
 Are like the Sun by Clouds inclos'd,
 When to *Clarinda's* Charms oppos'd.

The *Cyprian* Goddess far less fair
 Did rising from the Waves appear,
 When ev'ry gazing Eye admir'd,
 And ev'ry throbbing Heart desir'd :
 She's but a Foil, nor can compare
 For comely Presence to the Fair.

The rural Nymph, that rules the Shade,
 In Robes of Chastity array'd,
 Is, for a Type of her bright Mind,
 The nearest Emblem I can find ;
 As fair a Form, as fair a Fame,
 What was *Diana* is the Dame.

As *Venus* fair, *Lucretia's* Truth,
Minerva's Wit, *Love's* blooming Youth,
 Great *Juno's* Majesty divine,
 In her unparallel'd combine ;
 The Flow'rs, by gentle Zephyrs prest,
 Are Emblems of her fragrant Breast.

If such a one can bless Mankind,
 In Woman if Content we find,
 Judge, Lovers, judge what I enjoy ;
 How great the Bliss which ne'er can cloy !
 Since, with a Smile, the Nymph will own
 Her Heart's Affections are my own.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

W A F T me, some soft and cooling Breeze,
 To *Windfor's* shady, kind Retreat ;
 Where *Sylvan* Scenes, wide-spreading Trees,
 Repel the raging Dog-star's Heat ;
 Where tufted Grass, and mossy Beds,
 Afford a rural calm Repose ;
 Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
 And fragrant Sweets around disclose.

Old oozy *Thames*, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling Valley plays ;
 His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,
 And thro' the flow'ry Meadows strays :
 His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,
 His Vales with smiling Plenty swell ;
 Where'er his purer Stream is seen,
 The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

R

Let

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave
 With naked Arm once more divide ;
 In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently-rolling Tide.
 Lay me, with Damask Roses crown'd,
 Beneath some Osier's dusky Shade ;
 Where Water-Lillies paint the Ground,
 And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let chaste *Clarinda* too be there,
 With azure Mantle lightly drest ;
 Ye Nymphs, bind up her silken Hair,
 Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breast.
 O haste away, fair Maid, and bring
 The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love ;
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

SONG CXI.

BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

THO' *Baucis* and I were both ancient and poor,
 We never yet drove the Distress'd from our
 Door ;
 But still of our Little, a Little can spare
 To those who, like us, Life's Infirmities bear.

Come, come, my good Friends, let us go in toge-
 ther,
 A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather :
 Our Hearts they are great, tho' our Means are but
 small ;
 You're heartily welcome, and that's best of all.

You're

You're welcome at our humble Board to partake
Of a Jug of good Ale, and a good Barley Cake ;
A good roaring Fire as high as your Nose,
And a cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repose.

We know no Ambition, we have no Estate,
No Porter to worry the Poor from our Gate :
We earn what we spend, and we pay as we go ;
It were not amiss if the Rich would do so.

S O N G C X C I.

Strepbon, why that cloudy Forehead ?
Why so vainly cross'd those Arms ?
Silly Swain thy Aspect horrid
Rather frightens her, than charms.

Rouse each dull and drooping Spirit,
Fling away thy Myrtle Wreath ;
Bumpers large of gen'rous Claret
Make thee Love and Raptures breathe.

Sacrifice this Juice prolific
'To each Letter of her Name ;
Bacchus deem'd it a Specific,
Why not Mortals do the same ?

See the high-charge'd Goblet smiling,
Bids thee, *Strepbon*, drink and prove,
Wine's the Liquor most beguiling ;
Wine's the Weapon conquers Love.

SONG CXCL

BENEATH the Weight of hapless Love,
 How weak does ev'ry Effort prove,
 When struggling to get free!
 In vain against the fatal Darts
 The tender Soul its Force exerts,
 And pants for Liberty.

Within the Maze abstruse we range,
 And seek to find the blissful Change,
 But still within the Ring;
 At length the toilsome Task resign,
 And wait till Beauty's Charms divine
 Their pleasing Solace bring.

Ah me! from whence arose that Pow'r,
 Which blights the sweetly-blooming Flow'r,
 The Violet of Peace?
 Oh! gentle Maid, why stings the Smart?
 Why throbs my once so blithsome Heart,
 With Pains that still increase?

Oh! why did Heav'n to *Delia* give,
 On whom my Soul must ever live,
 Such Beauty to destroy?
 Why rather gave it not the Maid
 Those Beauties which can never fade,
 The Smile-diffusing Joy?

How long, O cruel Maid, must I
 Emit the Heart-depressing Sigh,

How

How long in Grief decline ?
 Shall those dear Eyes no Pity show
 To him whose sad increasing Woe
 Would pierce each Heart but thine ?

Oh ! lovely *Delia*, learn to prize
 The Heart, whose Happiness relies
 And lives alone on thee :
 Indulge one tender Thought, my Fair,
 Oh ! think on Sorrow, Grief, and Care,
 And then you'll pity me.

But should no feeling Sense of Pain
 Upon thy softer Minutes gain,
 Nor touch thy cruel Breast ;
 To calmer Peace my Soul resign'd
 Shall bless thee, *Delia*, tho' unkind,
 And die, and be at rest.

S O N G CXCI.

BLOW on ye Winds, descend soft Rain,
 To sooth my tender Woes ;
 Your solemn Music lulls my Pain,
 And gives me short Repose.

The Sun that makes all Nature gay,
 Disturbs my weary'd Eyes ;
 And in dark Shades I waste the Day,
 Where Echo sleeping lies.

Then pity me, O gentle Love,
 And come to my Relief ;
 Left Innocence and Virtue prove
 A Sacrifice to Grief.

S O N G CXCIV.

I Once saw *Cupid* in a Dream ;
 His Darts were tip'd with pointed Flame :
 You sleep, he cry'd, devoid of Care,
 Nor languish yet for any Fair :

Look here, and love. With that he drew.
 Upon the Wall, full in my View,
 A Maid with so divine a Face,
 As seem'd of more than mortal Race.

He laid the Colours with such Art,
 And gave to ev'ry moving Part
 Such just Proportion, that the Whole
 Seem'd more to have than want a Soul.

With Arrow's Point he limn'd an Eye,
 By whose keen Rays might Thousands die
 No Colours could have done so well,
 Or Half their Warmth or Brightness tell.

I woke ; and willing to obey,
 E'er since confess fair *Chloe's* Sway.
 What Heart so cold, as having felt
 Those Flames her Eyes, and not to melt !

S O N G CXCV.

THE Man that is drunk is void of all Care,
 He needs neither *Parthian* Quiver nor Spear :
 The Moor's poison'd Dart he scorns for to wield ;
 His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.

Undaunted

Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
Demolishes Windows, and breaks open Doors ;
He revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,
And boldly defies both Proctor and Devil.

As late I rode out, with my Skin full of Wine,
Encumbered neither with Care nor with Coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible Dun,
Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No Monster could put you to Half so much Fear,
Should he in *Apulia's* Forest appear ;
In *Africa's* Desert there never was seen
A Monster so hated by Gods and by Men.

Come place me, ye Deities, under the Line,
Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine;
O'er hot burning Sands I'll swelter and sweat,
Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

Or place me where Sunshine is ne'er to be found,
Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound ;
Even there I would nought but my Bottle require ;
My Bottle should warm me, and fill me with Fire.

My Tutor may job me, and lay me down Rules ;
Who minds them but dull philosophical Fools ?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis Time enough then for to sit down and think.

'Twas thus *Alexander* was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought *Aristotle* an Ass for his Pain :
His Sorrows he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the World was his own.

This

This World is a Tavern, with Liquor well stor'd,
 And into't I came to be drunk as a Lord :
 My Life is the Reck'ning, which freely I'll pay ;
 And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll stagger away.

S O N G CXCVI.

AS soon as the Chaos was turn'd into Form,
 And the first Race of Men knew a Good from
 a Harm,
 They quickly did join
 In a Knowledge divine,
 That the World's chiefest Blessings were Women
 and Wine :
 Since when by Example, improving Delights,
 Wine governs our Days, and Beauty our Nights.
 Love on then and drink,
 'Tis a Folly to think
 On a Mystery out of our reaches ;
 Be moral in Thought,
 To be merry's no Fault,
 Tho' an Elder the contrary preaches :
 For never, my Friends,
 Never, never, my Friends,
 Never, never, my Friends, was an Age of more
 Vice,
 Than when Knaves would seem pious, and Fools
 would seem wise.



S O N G

SONG CXCVII.

A M I N T O R.

*P*astora's come, with Myrtle crown'd,
To bless her fond *A*minto's Side,
To bless her fond *A*minto's Side :
The Sun, in his extensive Round,
Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a Bride,
Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a Bride.

P A S T O R A.

If to be true is sweet and fair,
*P*astora with *Lucinda* vies,
*P*astora, &c.
And sweeter she than is the Air,
That fleets beneath *Arabian* Skies,
That fleets, &c.

A M I N T O R.

The Fields and Groves, each Hill and Vale,
Have witness'd to my faithful Vow,
Have witness'd, &c.
Long had I sigh'd my am'rous Tale,
But ev'ry Care's requited now,
But every, &c.

P A S T O R A.

Without a Blush I here repeat
What to the Nymphs I told before,
What to the Nymphs, &c.
For thee my tender Heart does beat,
Possess'd of thee I ask no more,
Possess'd of thee, &c.

AMINTOR.

A M I N T O R.

Thus with this Wreath I crown thy Brows,
 And with this Kiss my Love I seal,
 And with this Kiss, &c.
 And may I, when I break my Vows,
 The Pangs of tortur'd Lovers feel,
 The Pangs, &c.

P A S T O R A.

Should I, ungrateful to my Swain,
 Afflict him with domestic Strife,
 Afflict him with domestic Strife,
 May I be driven from the Plain
 By ev'ry virtuous Maid and Wife,
 By ev'ry virtuous Maid and Wife.

S O N G CXC VIII.

FLY swiftly, ye Minutes, till *Comus* receive
 The nameless soft Transports that Beauty can
 give ;
 The Bowl's frolick Joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield Raptures of Love.

Without Love and Wine, Wit and Beauty are vain,
 All Grandeur insipid, and Riches a Pain ;
 The most splendid Palace grows dark as the Grave ;
 Love and Wine give, ye Gods, or take back what
 ye gave.

C H O R U S.

*Away, away, away,
 To Comus' Court repair ;
 There Night outshines the Day,
 There yields the melting Fair.*

S O N G

SONG CXIX.

J E N N Y.

STERN Winter has left us, the Trees are in
Bloom,
And Cowslips and V'lets the Meadows perfume;
While Kids are disporting, and Birds fill the Spray,
I wait for my *Jockey* to hail the new *May*,
I wait for my *Jockey* to hail the new *May*.

J O C K E Y.

Among the young Lillies, my *Jenny*, I've stray'd,
Pinks, Daisies, and Woodbines I bring to my Maid;
Here's Thyme sweetly smelling, and Lavender gay,
A Posy to form for my Queen of the *May*,
A Posy to form, &c.

J E N N Y.

Ah! *Jockey*, I fear you intend to beguile;
When seated with *Molly* last Night on a Stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and aye,
Forgetting poor *Jenny*, your Queen of the *May*,
Forgetting poor *Jenny*, &c.

J O C K E Y.

Young *Willy* is handsome in Shepherd's green
Dress,
He gave you those Ribbons that hang at your Breast,
Besides three sweet Kisses upon the new Hay;
Was that done like *Jenny*, my Queen of the *May*?
Was that done like *Jenny*, &c.

J E N N Y.

This Garland of Roses no longer I prize,
Since *Jockey*, false-hearted, his Passion denies;

Ye

Ye Flowers so blooming, this Instant decay,
 For *Jenny's* no longer the Queen of the *May*,
 For *Jenny's* no longer, &c.

JOCKEY.

Believe me, dear Maiden, your Lover you wrong,
 Your Name is for ever the Theme of my Song ;
 From the Dews of pale Eve to the Dawning of Day,
 I sing but of *Jenny*, my Queen of the *May*,
 I sing but of *Jenny*, &c.

JENNY.

Again balmy Comfort with Transport I view,
 My Fears are all vanish'd, since *Jockey* is true ;
 Then to our blythe Shepherds the News I'll convey,
 That *Jenny* alone you've crown'd Queen of the *May*,
 That *Jenny* alone, &c.

JOCKEY.

Of ev'ry Degree, ye young Lovers, draw near,
 Avoid all Suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
 Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they'd betray :
 Then come, my dear *Jenny*, and hail the new *May*,
 Then come, &c.

DUET.

Of ev'ry Degree, ye young Lovers, draw near,
 Avoid all Suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
 Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they'd be-
 tray :
 Then come, my dear *Jockey*, and hail the new
 May,
 Then come, my dear *Jenny*, and hail the new
 May.

SONG

SONG CC.

THE Meads and the Groves in fresh Verdure
 shone gay,
 And *Philomel* chaunted her Love-labour'd Song;
 When the Nymphs and the Swains in their brightest
 Array,
 To chuse a *May-Lady*, mov'd sportive along.
 Each Swain burst with Ardour his Nymph to create,
 And each Nymph with soft Glances fast caught her
 fond Mâte,
 And each one impatiently waited her Fate.

How vain were their Wishes, *Maria* appear'd,
 Like Beauty's fair Goddess encircled with Love;
 With Graces attractive each Heart she endear'd,
 In Majesty passing the Consort of *Jove*:
 The Swains round her moving glad Homage did pay;
 The Nymphs, with wreath'd Garlands, no longer
 delay
 To crown Beauty's Paragon Queen of the *May*.

SONG CCI.

YE Nymphs who know the pleasing Smart,
 The gentle-feeling Pains,
 When Love informs the glowing Heart,
 And darts along the Veins;
 Direct an unexperienc'd Fair,
 To shun the soft, alluring Snare,
 And conquer the Arts of her *Strophon*.

S

Screen'd

Screen'd from the Sun's too pow'rful Ray,
 In yonder conscious Shade,
 He sung a pity-moving Lay,
 Of some too cruel Maid ;
 And, in the Language of mine Eyes,
 He read the Thoughts I wou'd disguise :
 Oh ! what can I think of my *Strephon* ?

The genial Spring adorns the Groves,
 The Kids and Lambkins play ;
 The Warblers tell their little Loves,
 On ev'ry blooming Spray :
 He cry'd, " Can *Chloe* see all this,
 " And not consent to toy and kifs ?"
 Oh ! what can I think of my *Strephon* ?

His Voice delights my list'ning Ear,
 His graceful Mien mine Eye ;
 I blush when I behold him near,
 Whene'er he's absent sigh :
 Then an't I in a hopeful Way ?
 For sure the Victor of the Day,
 Will be th' all-conquering *Strephon* !

S O N G CCII.

BRISK Wine makes us gay, and Beauty leads on,
 'Tis Beauty, 'tis Beauty, 'tis Beauty leads on,
 And with Pleasure, with Pleasure, with Pleasure
 shall crown ;
 'Tis Beauty leads on, and with Pleasure shall crown.
'Tis the sparkling Champaign shall heighten our Joy,
And the Raptures of Phillis, that never can cloy.

In

In Mirth and Delight we'll frolick and play,
And jovial, and jovial, we'll drink all the Day;
With *Bacchus* and *Cupid* we'll frolick and play,
With Cheeks red as Roses, or Flowers in *May*.
'Tis the sparkling Champaign, &c.

Ye Sons of dull Care, 'tis Woman and Wine,
Those Blessings of Nature, and *Jove's* Delights;
To Man they were given to sooth the dull Mind:
Then drink and be chearful, give Grief to the
Wind.

*'Tis the sparkling Champaign shall heighten our Joy,
And the Raptures of Phillis, that never can cloy.*

S O N G C C I I I.

WITH Horns and with Hounds I waken the
Day,
And hie to my Woodland-Walks away;
I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my Forehead a waxing Moon:
I course the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,
And chace the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks:
With Shouting, and Hooting, we pierce thro' the
Sky,
And Echo turns Hunter and doubles the Cry.

S O N G C C I V.

COME all you young Lovers who wan with De-
spair,
Compose idle Sonnets, and sigh for the Fair;
Who puff up their Pride by enhancing their
Charms,
And tell them 'tis Heaven to lie in their Arms:

The WREATH. 209

I'll bill like the Sparrow, and rove like the Bee,
 For in spite of grave Lessons, by *Jove* I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free ;
For in spite of grave Lessons, by Jove I'll be free.

S O N G CCV.

SELINDA sure's the brightest Thing
 That decks the Earth, or breathes our Air ;
 Mild are her Looks, like op'ning Spring,
 And like the blooming Summer fair.

But then her Wit's so very small,
 That all her Charms appear to lie,
 Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
 And strike no farther than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our Ears are absent from the Feast ;
 One Sense is surfeited with Sweets,
 Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with Aspect bright,
 And tawdry Pride, a Tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
 Dull and insipid to the Smell.

S O N G CCVI.

GOddeſs of Eaſe, leave *Lethe's* Brink,
 Obſequious to the Muſe and me ;
 For once endure the Pain to think,
 O ſweet Inſenſibility !

S 3

Sister

Sister of Peace and Indolence,
 Bring, Muse, bring Numbers soft and slow,
 Elaborately void of Sense,
 And sweetly Thoughtless let them flow,
 And sweetly Thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some Cowslip-painted Mead,
 There let me doze away dull Hours ;
 And under me let *Flora* spread
 A Sofa of her softest Flowers ;
 Where, *Philomel*, your Notes you breathe
 Forth from behind the neighb'ring Pine,
 While Murmurs of the Stream beneath
 Still flow in Unison with thine,
 Still flow, &c.

For thee, O Idleness, the Woes
 Of Life we patiently endure ;
 Thou art the Source whence Labour flows,
 We shun thee but to make thee sure ;
 For who would bear War's Toil and Waste,
 Or who the thund'ring of the Sea,
 But to be idle at the last,
 And find a pleasing End in thee ?
 And find a pleasing End in thee ?

S O N G CCVII.

FOR ever Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting Foe to Love ?
 And when we meet a mutual Heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part ;
 Bid us sigh on from Day to Day,
 And wish, and wish, the Soul away,
 'Till Youth and genial Years are flown,
 And all the Life of Life is gone ?

But

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless Vow ;
The Heart from Pleasure to delude,
To join the Gentle to the Rude.
For once, O Fortune, hear my Pray'r,
And I absolve thy future Care ;
All other Blessings I resign,
Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

SONG CCVIII.

DEjected as true Converts die,
But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd ;
So, Fairest, at your Feet I lie,
Of all my Sexes Faults asham'd.

Too long, alas ! have I defy'd
The Force of Love's almighty Flame,
And often did aloud deride
His Godhead as an empty Name.

But since so freely I confess
A Crime which may your Scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it less
By any just and fair Excuse.

I then did vulgar Joys pursue,
Variety was all my Bliss ;
But, ignorant of Love and you,
How could I chuse but do amiss ?

If ever now my wand'ring Eyes
Search out Temptations as before ;
If once I look, but to despise
Their Charms, and value yours the more :

May

May sad Remorse, and guilty Shame,
 Revenge your Wrongs on faithless me;
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
 May I lose all, in losing thee.

S O N G CCIX.

EMerg'd from Winter's gloomy Scenes,
 The infant Spring appears;
 The Meadow, strew'd with mingled Greens,
 An early Beauty wears.
 The bulbous Winter-sleeping Root,
 That late in Honours shed,
 Proud to display the earliest Shoot,
 Peeps from the genial Bed.

Snow-drops, in Virgin pure Attire,
 Their shame-fac'd Blossoms rear;
 And humble Crocus' golden Fire
 Adorns the gay Parterre.
 On mossy Banks in shelt'ring Bow'rs,
 By mazy wand'ring Streams,
 The sweet-blown Primrose sheds her Flow'rs
 To *Phæbus*' vernal Beams.

Hail, Source of Light! great Lamp of Day!
 What Joys from thee arise!
 Nature revives when thou art nigh,
 If thou depart she dies.
 Groves, Woodlands, Hedge-rows, budding Scene,
 With warning Preludes ring;
 All Nature breathes a Joy serene,
 And hails the new-born Spring.

S O N G

SONG CCX.

HOW blest has my Time been ! what Days have
 I known,
 Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made *Jessy* my own !
 So joyful my Heart is, so easy my Chain,
 That Freedom is tasteless, and Roving a Pain,
 That Freedom is tasteless, and Roving a Pain.

Thro' Walks, grown with Woodbines, as often we
 stray,
 Around us our Boys and Girls frolick and play ;
 How pleasing their Sport is the wanton Ones see,
 And borrow their Looks from my *Jessy* and me,
 And borrow their Looks, &c.

To try her sweet Temper, oft' times am I seen
 In Revels all Day, with the Nymphs on the Green ;
 Tho' painful my Absence, my Doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles,
 And meets me at Night, &c.

What tho' on her Check the Rose loses its Hue,
 Her Ease and good Humour bloom all the Year
 thro' ;
 Time still, as he flies, brings Increase to her Truth,
 And gives to her Mind what he steals from her
 Youth,
 And gives to her Mind, &c.

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make Love to ensnare,
 And cheat, with false Vows, the too credulous Fair,
 In Search of true Pleasure how vainly you roam ;
 To hold it for Life, you must find it at Home,
 To hold it for Life, you must find it at Home.

SONG

SONG CCXI.

COME, *Rosalind*, O come and see,
 What Pleasures are in Store for thee ;
 The Flowers in all their Sweets appear ;
 The Fields their gayest Liv'ries wear,
 The Fields their gayest Liv'ries wear :
 The joyful Birds in every Grove,
 Now warble out their Songs of Love,
 Now warble out their Songs of Love :
 For thee they sing, and Roses bloom ;
 And *Collin*, thee, invites to come ;
 Invites to come :
 Thy *Collin*, thee, invites to come.

Come, *Rosalind*, and *Collin* join ;
 My tender Flocks, and all are thine :
 If *Love*, and *Rosalind*, be here ;
 'Tis *May* and Pleasure all the Year,
 'Tis *May* and Pleasure, &c.
 Come, see a Cottage, and a Swain ;
 Thou can'st my Love nor Gifts disdain,
 Thou can'st my Love, &c.
 Leave all behind, no longer stay ;
 For *Collin* calls, then haste away ;
 Then haste away ;
 For *Collin* calls, then haste away.

SONG CCXII.

PASTORA, by some matchless Art,
 First made me feel the Lover's Pain ;
 But soon my disappointed Heart,
 Like *Noah's Dove* return'd again.

Another

Another Resting-place it sought,
Intic'd by *Phebe's* sprightly Mien ;
And, like that wand'ring Bird, it brought
A certain Signal where 't had been.

But soon as *Emma* blest my Sight,
With all the Charms in Virtue's Store ;
Like that same Dove it took it's Flight,
And, finding Rest, return'd no more.

SONG CCXIII.

YE verdant Hills, ye balmy Valets,
Bear Witness of my Pains ;
How oft' have *Shina's* flow'ry Dales,
Been taught my am'rous Strains ?
The wounded Oaks in yonder Grove,
Retain the Name of her I love.

In vain wou'd Age it's Ice bespread,
To numb each gay Desire ;
Tho' seventy Winters hoar my Head,
My Heart is still on Fire :
By mossy Fount and Grot I rove,
And gently murmur Songs of Love.

O ! sweetest of thy lovely Race,
Unveil thy matchless Charms ;
Let me adore that Angel's Face,
And die within thy Arms ;
My ceaseless Pangs thy Bosom move,
To grant the just Returns of Love.

SONG

SONG CCXIV.

AT setting Day and rising Morn,
 With Soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,
 With all that can improve thee :
 I'll visit oft' the Birchen Bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair,
 By Green-Wood-Shaw, or Fountain ;
 Or where the Summer's Day I'd share,
 With thee, upon yon Mountain :
 There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
 From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours,
 A Heart that cannot wander.

FINIS.



Fathers alone, from Fathers Hearts can know;
What secret Tides of Joy and Sorrow flow.